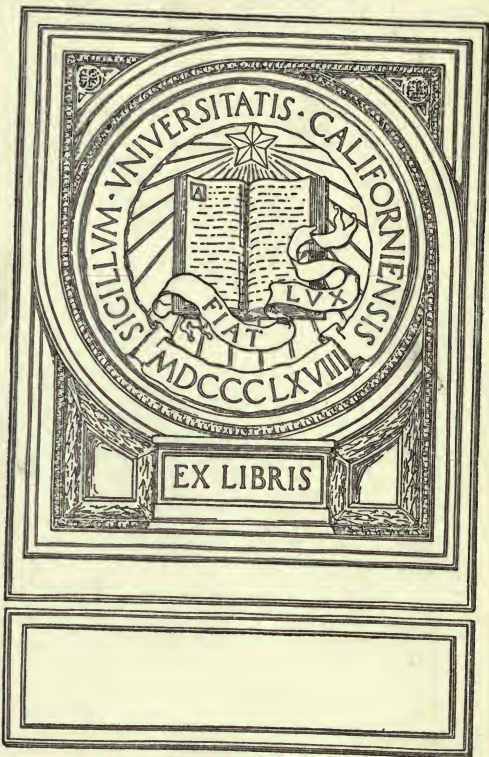


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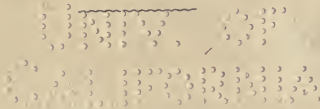
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P O E M S .

BY

J. S. FRELIGH.



Saint Louis:

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1852.

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F 868

Dedicated to my Wife and Boy.

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


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P R E F A C E .

THE present volume is intended rather as a Gift-Book and tribute of respect to my particular friends, and a few others, than for any profit I expect to derive from the publication. A few surplus copies only, will be sold—these will not pay half the expense of printing.

Most of the following pieces were written many years ago, to beguile a lonely hour in the dull, monotonous “round” of a country Pedagogue, and have not been revised since. Many of them would have been entirely omitted if the book had been designed for a more general circulation.

My first efforts were experimental, merely to satisfy myself if I, too, could write Poetry, like “uncle John.” This uncle was a notable Schoolmaster in his day, and a most worthy man—but has long since passed away. I still remember some of his poems—his Rules for Health, and Maxims of Morality—and shall ever entertain a grateful sense of his uniform kindness to me. The result of my early attempts appeared in sundry Acrostics and Sonnets to the neighboring school-girls, some of which received a flattering notice, even from “uncle John.” Thus encouraged, my next ambition was to see myself in print in some of the country newspapers; and though more than thirty years ago, I still retain a pleasing recollection of the time, when eagerly unfolding the damp and long-expected weekly sheet, I first saw my own composition, over my own initials, in a column, at the top of which appeared in large capitals, POETRY. This was one of the happiest days of my life, and some dozen copies of the paper, with a pencil line around *the* piece, and a hand pointing thus  to my initials at the bottom, were enclosed in yellow wrappers, and directed and mailed to my distant friends. I next aspired to write for the Magazines, and appeared in Graham’s, the Lady’s Book, New York Knickerbocker, and others, till the rapid development of the bump of Acquisitiveness left but little room for Ideality, and I ceased to write—for who ever heard of a “Money Lender” writing Poetry!!!

If there is any thing objectionable among the light and humorous pieces, it is not my fault, but should be attributed to my Muse; she was ever wayward and untractable, roaming wild and untamed over the vast prairies of the West: I

could not always keep her under proper restraint. And if, among the one hundred pieces in the present collection, but ten can be found that will favorably compare with the poetry of the day, remember that only ten righteous persons were once required to save a whole city from destruction.

May every Reader find something in the following pages that shall amuse or please—some verse, or line, or word of hope, that shall cheer or strengthen in the great “Battle of Life.” And may this book serve as a pleasing memento to my Friends, and

“Long keep my memory green in their souls.”

J. S. F.

ST. LOUIS, NOVEMBER 19th, 1852.

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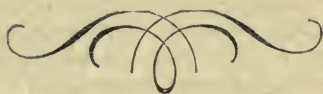
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POEMS.

INVOCATION TO HOPE.

But let us hope—to doubt is to rebel ;
Let us exult in Hope that all shall yet be well.—BEATTIE.

HOPE, ever changing, yet forever near,
In joy or grief, to prompt, sustain or cheer ;
The spring of action since the world began—
The all-inspiring, ceaseless friend of man ;
The healing balm—the sweetly soothing pow'r,
That has beguil'd full many a weary hour ;
To thee I fainting turn :—Oh ! may one ray
From thy undying lamp relume my darksome way.

THE WANDERER.

I.

THROUGH American forests all lonely I've stray'd,
Where naught meets the eye save what Nature has made—
Where the grey light of morn, as the traveler wakes
At the water-fowl's cry by the still forest lakes,
Brings with it the music of birds on the wing,
Or among the green branches soft notes murmuring,
The dripping of dew on the dry forest leaves,
Bespanangling the web that the wood-spider weaves,

And strange-sounding echoes, far off in the glades,
That seem e'en like silence, so lone are those shades ;
Reclining at noon under tall leafy trees,
The buzzing of insects—the hum of wild bees,
Has lull'd me to sleep, and my dreams were as sweet,
As if lull'd by soft sounds in some marble retreat ;
At eve I would rest near some murmuring rill,
And list to the notes of the sweet Whip-poor-Will,
The Owlet's lone hoot, or the whispering breeze,
As, rustling, it shed the pale leaves of the trees,
That glanc'd in the moonlight, as gently they fell
In the dark, gloomy shadows of some lonely dell,
Where ivy and nightshade, and low-waving brakes,
Grow rank near the borders of dim, misty lakes.
I have seen the rude torrent from forest hills pouring,
While a dark-rolling storm-cloud above me was low'ring—
Around me all Nature dissolving appear'd,
As that storm-cloud in grandeur above me career'd—
Around me tall trees in their beauty fell crashing—
Above me pale lightnings were fearfully flashing—
Dark branches wav'd 'round me—the forest seem'd reeling—
While thunders on thunders were awfully pealing—
Then the deep roar of winds made a sad, solemn sound
As the darkness of night in deep gloom clos'd around.
In those boundless solitudes, gloomy and still,
How hush'd are the boisterous passions and will—
How riches, and splendor, and vanity fades,
And ambition and pride, in those deep, awful shades ;
No selfishness, envy, or vain worldly care
Interrupts the warm heart from dissolving in pray'r ;
We feel our dependence—we feel and we see
The goodness and love of a wise Deity!

II.

I have seen mighty armies all panoplied bright,
And array'd for the battle-field, rush to the fight ;
I have seen marshal'd hosts in their glory laid low,
And the life-blood from many a stern warrior flow,
At Austerlitz, Jena, Marengo I've bled—
Borodino's red battle-field cover'd with dead
I have seen, while the conqueror's flag was unfurling,
And an "ocean of flame" 'round the Kremlin was curling.
Far sterner the conflict, far sadder the view,
At the meeting of nations at fam'd WATERLOO ;
And never wore death a more terrible form,
Than in fancy I saw 'mid that fierce battle-storm.
For ten dreadful hours, rag'd the hot, bloody fight,
And for ten dreadful hours, all the skill and the might
Of each army was prov'd, ere the battle was won
By the veteran Blucher and Duke Wellington ;
And ten thousand, twice told, on the blood-purchas'd field,
Fell fighting, determin'd with life but to yield.
While viewing the conflict, a youth caught my eye,—
In the midst of the battle-field, waving on high
Was the banner he carried, and bold he advanced,
While his high-mettled war-horse as proudly he pranc'd
To the trumpet-tone, toss'd from his bridle-bit 'round,
The foam in white flakes, on that red battle-ground.
Just then the dread roar of artillery sounded
More deep, and the cries of the dying and wounded
Fell sad on my ear ; and alas ! low was laid
That warrior youth ; o'er him gleaming swords play'd,
And helmetted chieftains dash'd recklessly o'er him,
Who had oft on that bloody day trembled before him.
Naught more could I see, save at times as there broke
The bright flashing of swords through the blue-rolling smoke

That envelop'd the field, like some thunder-cloud seeming,
From whence the pale lightning is fearfully gleaming.
On the red track of war dire destruction attended,
And the wild shrieks of orphans all trembling ascended.
How long shall proud kings to destroy be inclin'd ?
How long shall ambition bring woe on mankind ?

III.

I have been to the land where the wild Lotus blooms,
And where sweet-smelling spice-woods shed richest perfumes ;
Where oft on the waters at sunset, I've noted
The crimson Flamingo, as gently it floated ;
Or the playful Gazelles, as they carelessly stray'd
By the bow'r of some blooming, young Georgian maid,
Where the breeze, as by moonlight it plays with the curls,
And bright golden ringlets of blooming young girls,
Sheds the leaves gently 'round them of sweet-smelling flow'rs,
As reposing half hid in their jessamine bow'rs.
I have seen the young maids of Circassia, whose tresses
With flow'rets all garlanded, float down their dresses
Of pale yellow silk, as they gracefully walk
By the side of their lovers, engag'd in sweet talk,
'Neath the boughs of Acacia, or sit in the shade
Of their own leafy arbors, where love-vows are made.
I have sail'd to the sound of the flute over waters,
And heard the sweet songs of the yellow-hair'd daughters
Of Persia ; and oft when the mid-watch was past,
And the lights one by one had gone out, till the last
Faintly gleam'd on the waters, the soft notes were heard
Of the captive maid's lute, as the fitful breeze stirr'd,
And rustled the sweet-smelling vine leaves, and bore
Their fragrance and those lonely notes from the shore ;
All enraptur'd I've listen'd, till faint and less clear,

In strains of low music they died on my ear.
Then the moon, as it rose, did such glories unfold,
As were seen in the "valley of visions" of old.
How serene and enchantingly lovely earth seem'd
To my view, as the glorious flood of light stream'd
On magnificent palaces, temples, and tow'rs,
And green isles, and gardens of beautiful flow'rs,
That floated on calm silver lakes or on streams,
Like the broad moon-lit waters we see in our dreams—
Where the lowly in spirit with sorrow oppress'd,
Might serenely sit down in some sweet isle of rest ;
Where, free from this cold world of envy and strife,
He could pass the last days of his care-woven life.

IV.

O'er the deserts of Afric' all lonely I've pass'd,
Where naught meets the eye but a wide barren waste,
Reliev'd by no verdure—wild, desolate, dreary,
Where naught cheers the traveler, lone, faint, and weary ;
No streamlets or sheltering groves—not a sound,
Save the roar of wild beasts, as the night darkens 'round.
Then I thought of my friends—of my own Native Land,
Its arbors and cool groves by gentle gales fann'd,
Its hills and its valleys with verdure o'erspread,
Where herds I had tended in boyhood, and led
To drink of cool waters—to rest in the shade,
Or to crop the rich verdure that summer had made.
Then I thought of my Mother, how she would rejoice
When return'd :—I remember'd each tone of her voice,
As it sounded in childhood, and even I heard,
In fancy, the notes of each sweet-singing bird—
My sister's glad voice, as together we've stray'd
To pick the wild flow'rs of the meadow, or play'd

Through the long summer day, where the fountain gush'd free,
 In the wide-spreading shade of the old willow tree.
 Thus painfully musing, as onward one day,
 O'er the hot, sandy desert of wild Lybia,
 I journey'd all weary and fainting, I wept,
 And sank on the desert sands weeping, and slept ;
 Then appear'd in a dream to my wondering eyes
 A Spirit, which seem'd from the earth to arise ;
 When thus a loud voice :—" I'm in every clime,
 I was and shall be for a space—I am TIME."

THE VOICE OF TIME.

1.

I pass'd through Chaldea—the low-sinking sun,
 Brightly beam'd on the temples of proud Babylon.
 For magnificent palaces, high walls and tow'rs—
 For high-hanging gardens of sweet-scented flow'rs—
 For beauty, and grandeur, and costly works rare,
 And riches, none could with this city compare.
 I pass'd through again—'twas a den of wild beasts,
 Where once proud Belshazzar held sumptuous feasts :
 The venomous serpent lay coil'd—creeping things
 I found, where once trode mighty Princes and Kings.

2.

I pass'd by great Nineveh, second to none,
 Save the Chaldean city—vain, proud Babylon.
 I pass'd by again—Oh ! how fallen, decay'd !
 Her glory and splendor in dust low were laid,
 Where daily the beasts of the desert did bring
 For their hungry young, food, was the throne of a King.

3.

I pass'd by proud Illium—the far-flashing light
Of bright shields, dreadful gleam'd, like a meteor of night ;
And the shouting of nations was heard from afar,
The rattling of chariots—the thunder of war.
I pass'd by again, but no vestige I found
Of the city—lone tombs rose promiscuous 'round
Where once great Achilles shone dreadful in war,
Thro' the thickest fight borne, on his glittering car.

4.

I pass'd by Persepolis—Xerxes, the vain
And proudly ambitious, o'er Persia did reign ;
Her Princes in chariots splendidly roll'd
Thro' the city, in sumptuous purple and gold.
I pass'd by again—'twas deserted and lone,
And silent, excepting the mournful low moan
Of the night-wind, that breath'd the lone ruins among,
Where the maidens of Persia once sweetly had sung.

5.

I pass'd by fam'd Tyre in her glory and pride,
“Whose Merchants were Princes,” and rul'd on the tide—
Tall Cedars of Lebanon wav'd in the breeze,
That shook scented leaves from the flowering trees ;
I pass'd by again—but those Cedars were low,
Those flow'r trees were wither'd again ne'er to blow ;
Where once a Queen's palace stood lofty and grand,
The Fisherman drew his long net to the land.

6.

I pass'd by the city of Balbec—renown'd
For its high column'd temples far glitt'ring around ;

I pass'd by again on one lone stilly night,
 'Twas deserted of men, and the rising Moon's light
 Gleam'd faintly on statues half buried in sand,
 And on half ruin'd temples, once lofty and grand.

7.

In the blaze of her beauty Palmyra I pass'd,
 And she shone like a gem in a wild barren waste ;
 Longinus, the people in honor had crown'd,
 And rich tones of music were floating around.
 I pass'd by again, but no music I heard,
 No sound, save the notes of a lonely night-bird ;
 Her high marble columns in dust low were laid,
 In the garden where once Queen Zenobia stray'd.

8.

By the city of Memphis I pass'd in her pride ;
 She was gaily adorn'd like a young Eastern bride,
 Deck'd out with fine diamonds, and costly gems rare,
 Transcendently beautiful, comely and fair ;
 I pass'd by again—all had gone to decay,
 And her once lofty temples had crumbled away.

9.

I pass'd by fam'd Thebes—thro' her hundred gates wide,
 Pass'd riches, and splendor, and beauty and pride,
 And multitudes throng'd the wide streets on that day,
 All gaily adorn'd for some coming display ;
 I pass'd by again, but no footstep or tread
 I heard—thick around rose the tombs of the dead ;
 One gate of its hundred remain'd half decay'd—
 To the winds of the desert low-creaking it sway'd ;
 Her statues disfigur'd lay scatter'd around,
 And the ruins of temples half cover'd the ground.

10.

By the city of Carthage I pass'd in her might,
Her sons were all hardy, and train'd for the fight ;
For deliberate courage, and high martial fame,
No city e'er bore a more glorious name ;
Her arms had subdued the rude nations around,
And had oft o'er the Romans with vic'try been crown'd ;
I pass'd by again, but the Arab lurk'd there—
'Twas a home for the Bandit and Turkish Corsair.

11.

I pass'd by the city of Athens—her name
For learning stood first on the bright rolls of fame ;
Her name to the ends of the earth was renown'd,
For refinement, and science, and wisdom profound ;
I pass'd by again, but low sunk in despair
Were her few wretched sons, for the Turkman rul'd there ;*
Decay'd were her palaces, temples and walls,
And deserted and lonely her once learned halls,
Where Socrates, Plato, and Solon once taught
Their doctrines and laws, with morality fraught :
Where admiring spectators, in rapture had hung
On immortal Demosthenes' eloquent tongue.

12.

I wander'd one evening by Pompeii fair,
And music—soft music—and dancing were there ;
'The song and the wine-cup pass'd merrily 'round,
And all were in mirth and deep revelry drown'd.
I pass'd in the morning where Pompeii stood,
It had been overwhelm'd by a wild rushing flood

*Written previous to the liberation of Greece

Of fire, liquid fire, and the red-glowing waves
 Roll'd hissing, high over the revellers' graves.
 I awoke, and the East, with its broad streaks of light,
 Had dispers'd the dark shadows of lingering night ;
 The roar of the lion, at times, from afar,
 Might be heard, faintly borne on the still desert air ;
 Then farther and fainter appear'd the dread sound,
 Till a deep, deathlike, stillness at length reign'd around.
 I arose, and my spirit broke forth into pray'r
 And thanksgiving, to Him who in deserts can spare ;
 Then onward I journey'd, new dangers to share,
 New toils to encounter—new hardships to bear.

V.

I have stood on the heights of the Himmaleh mountains,
 And view'd foaming 'round me its wild-gushing fountains,
 Its black rugged rocks through the clouds skyward tow'ring,
 With o'erhanging shelves in eternal mists low'ring ;
 Its cataracts whirling, and leaping and tumbling,
 In deep awful chasms, and caverns hoarse rumbling ;
 Like a white wreath of foam thro' the mist I could see
 The source of the Jumna, near high Gungotree,
 While far, far below me red lightnings were flashing,
 And riven rocks falling were fearfully crashing.
 Dark clouds roll'd below me—below me the roaring
 And rattling of thunders I heard, and the pouring
 Of waters that delug'd a wide fertile plain
 Of Hindostan, where Brumha and Juggernaut reign ;
 Where the ignorant Hindoo is taught to revere
 As holy, their Bramin and simple Fakeer ;
 Where dark superstition's tyrannical sway
 Shuts out the mild Gospel's enlightening ray.
 Oh ! e'er may the sons of Columbia be

From ignorance, slavery and bigotry free--
In Freedom and Peace may they till their own soil,
And may happiness be the reward of their toil !

VI.

I have heard the loud groan of volcanoes in wonder,
Far bellowing 'round like the deep voice of thunder ;
Their flame I have seen from afar, clear and bright,
Shooting fitfully up thro' the darkness of night ;
I have seen the red lava with fervent heat glowing
Intensely—o'er hamlets and villages flowing,
And orange-groves, vineyards and gardens all blooming,
In its fiery career overwhelming, consuming.
Beneath me the earth has been fearfully shaken,
As with the loud trump that the dead shall awaken ;
Huge caverns yawn'd horrid ; thro' Heaven's profound
The voice of an earthquake roll'd echoing 'round.
I have seen the huge Avalanche rushing in might,
And go thundering down from the mountain's cold height ;
A shriek pierc'd the skies from the hamlets below,
And the once blooming valley was "smooth'd up with snow."
I have roam'd on the mountain-top—roam'd on the plain,
And been toss'd on the "foaming and treacherous main ;"
I have roam'd the bleak wilds of perpetual frost,
And on Africa's hot sandy deserts been lost ;
I have view'd in lone forests sublime Nature's plan,
And in cities beheld the vain splendor of man ;
The most beautiful landscapes and vales I have view'd,
And the wild scenes of Nature in lone solitude.
I am weary of wand'ring—with sorrow oppress'd,
And care, I will seek out some sweet place of rest,
Where, free from this cold world of envy and strife,

I can pass the last days of my care-woven life
 In rural retirement—content to adore
 The Great Author of Nature, and wander no more.

~~~~~

THE BANDIT CHIEF.

—

I.

With shepherds on the hills of Spain,  
 In early life I rov'd ;  
 Free from the mind's deep, sick'ning pain,  
 Around me all I lov'd :  
 Nor blighted hope, nor hope deferr'd,  
 Nor grief nor care my spirit stirr'd ;  
 But cheerful, innocent, and free  
 From the iron grasp of poverty,  
 I pass'd my time most thoughtlessly.  
 The future, look'd as sweetly bright,  
 As the moon and stars of a cloudless night ;  
 And when I saw some spirit bow'd,  
 In the shadow of misfortune's cloud,  
 I never thought that I should be  
 Expos'd to the darts of misery ;  
 I never thought my ruling fate,  
 Would e'er make me so desolate ;  
 Would e'er my brightest hopes deceive,  
 My dearest, holiest feelings grieve.

II.

My childhood's home ! my childhood's home !  
 Remember'd forms around me come,  
 All dress'd in smiles, from my childhood's home ;



Till truth breaks in on my revery,  
And fancy gives place to reality.  
My woes the bitter truth recall,  
Like the drawing aside of a funeral pall ;  
When a happy home, and smiling face,  
To the ghastly image of death give place.

## III.

Upon a high and pleasant spot,  
Stood the low white walls of my Father's cot ;  
Far off, an abbey's lofty towers,  
Groves, vineyards, gardens bright with flow'rs ;  
Hamlets, and villages half seen  
Thro' smoky light, and foliage green,  
In front, a sparkling fount was gushing ;  
Past it, a mountain stream went rushing,  
And far below, join'd a bright river,  
The slow-meandering Guadelquivier.  
Far to the south, the sloping hills,  
Whence rush'd a hundred glittering rills,  
That in the gentle moonlight seem'd  
Like silver threads, so bright they gleam'd.  
The shepherd's pipe, and hunter's horn,  
Has wak'd me oft at early morn,  
While from the vallies, far around,  
Rose many an herd-bell's tinkling sound.  
At eve, in the villa's cool arcades,  
Was heard the songs of the Spanish maids ;  
When beam'd the first pale, trembling star,  
And the vesper bells were ringing ;  
Was heard my sister's light guitar,  
And my mother sweetly singing ;  
And often still in my feverish slumbers,

I can hear those sweetly-lingering numbers ;  
Can see that sister all bright and fair,  
With her rose-like cheek and raven hair,  
Her smile of innocence and peace,  
And tenderness, sweet Eloise !  
Again I hear the same birds sing,  
Can see the same flow'rs blossoming,  
The wild rose and the lily pale  
Seem waving in the same green vale,  
Where oft in long-gone hours of peace,  
I wander'd with sweet Eloise.

And bees are humming around the rose,  
The honey-suckle, and fruit-tree blows ;  
And flocks and herds, far off, are seen,  
On the same sloping hill-side green,  
Where oft in long-gone hours of peace,  
I wander'd with sweet Eloise.

I can see the same young Spanish girls,  
With their soft dark eyes, and clustering curls,  
Shaded by vines from the scorching beams,  
Braiding love-garlands by silver streams ;  
Where oft in long-gone hours of peace,  
I wander'd with sweet Eloise.

#### IV.

Oh ! God, the contrast ! since that time,  
What woes have fill'd my manhood's prime.  
Thro' fifteen years of bitter strife,  
I wasted my health, and risk'd my life,  
Exerted all my pow'rs in vain,  
And every method tried, to gain  
A competence, one friendly face,  
A home, and quiet resting place,



Remote from the vain parade of pride,  
And pomp of cities ;—but Fate denied.  
Where others rose by fortune, I  
Beyond repair, sunk hopelessly :  
And dearest friend, and bitterest foe,  
To fame and fortune on did go,  
Whilst I, beneath some luckless star,  
In all things fail'd :—there seem'd a bar  
To all my dearest hopes :—a spell,  
Stern, black and uncontrollable.

## V.

I never sigh'd in courts to shine,  
State dignities I could resign ;  
I never wish'd to wear in war,  
The laurel-wreath of the conqueror ;  
But all my thirsting soul desir'd  
Was calm domestic bliss, retir'd.  
I often wish'd that all might be  
Exempt from galling misery ;  
That all around, above, below,  
Might never feel one pang of woe,  
But instantly, somewhere possess  
Complete, unending happiness :  
I knew the wish was idle, vain,  
But still could not that wish restrain.  
Then wishes, pray'rs, and heart-felt burnings  
Turn'd to unutterable yearnings.

## VI.

Homeless and friendless, I would cling  
To the smallest and most trifling thing ;  
The smallest hope, the faintest ray,

'Till all of light had pass'd away,  
And all was dark—nay, black, within,  
As the light of hope had never been.  
Sometimes an independent feeling  
Burst through the gloom, new hopes revealing,  
And then my spirit would come back,  
Almost within its wonted track.  
While thus reviv'd, all but within  
My reach, sweet happiness has been,  
Then turn'd to shades of empty air,  
Or hope deferr'd, or black despair.  
I liv'd as one in sight of bliss,  
Yet doom'd to lasting wretchedness ;  
Where consolation cannot come,  
A constant state of martyrdom :  
Where struggling, gasping, hourly dying,  
And bliss in sight, yet ever flying,  
Where not to live, but life endure,  
Is the fate of the doom'd one, silent, sure.

## VII.

Spring came and went, and came again,  
Still, darkness press'd upon my brain.  
O ! had I borne with sorrow long,  
Had borne ingratitude and wrong—  
Had suffer'd chains and slavery,  
Disease and wretched poverty.  
For misery in every form  
Strode in misfortune's black'ning storm,  
And sped his arrows dipp'd in woe,  
Swift, from his ever-bended bow.  
Deep, deep within the hidden springs  
Where life-blood flows, a thousand stings

Seem'd hourly darting ; with the smart  
Quiver'd my aching, bleeding heart.  
My tortur'd mind had oft been rack'd,  
Until the straining heart-strings crack'd ;  
And deep within the festering core  
Rankled the bitterness.—No more !

## VIII.

I often tried my woes to tell,  
But they were indescribable ;  
To all the tale did seem to be  
Incomprehensibility ;  
For language never could portray  
My feelings, or one thought convey,  
That so consum'd me day by day :  
And yet I liv'd,—liv'd on to see  
My brightest hopes depart from me,  
Like morning lights, star after star,  
Till all were gone worth living for ;  
Yet brought no day, left naught behind  
To cheer or light my darken'd mind.

## IX.

Crush'd and in every thing defeated,  
Not one design or wish completed ;  
Friendless, despairing, not a ray  
To light me on life's troubled way ;  
And in the selfish world around,  
No friendly face, no cheering sound—  
One dreary blank, all time and space,  
And earth for me no resting place,  
No point—no hope whereon to cling,  
A feeling faint and sickening

Came o'er me ; while in this dark state  
I wanted to annihilate  
My tortur'd being. Could I then  
Have purchas'd peace by years of pain,  
The most excruciating, keen,  
Appalling—I had happy been ;  
It could not be. I sought a cave  
Where I could hear the ocean rave—  
Where I could see from its frowning brim,  
Wild tempests careering, all black and grim,  
In grandeur sublime, o'er the dark-rolling sea,  
In stern and terrific majesty :  
Uplifting the waters, and scattering 'round  
The feathery foam of the dark profound,  
Where the might of winds roll'd the huge waves back,  
And the waters yawn'd wide in the hurricane's track.  
As the elements warr'd, their tumultuous din  
Could alone still the tempest that rag'd within ;  
As the storm approach'd, their deepening howl  
Was music and joy to my tortur'd soul.  
And there I form'd a dark, deep plan  
To become the desperate foe of man,  
And I succeeded :—'twas the first  
Success for years—success accurst !  
Oh ! why is bliss so hard to gain ?  
Why ever present care and pain ?  
Oh ! why so easy the access  
To evil and infinite wretchedness ?  
But e'en success of any kind,  
Seem'd to light up my darken'd mind,  
A strange, uncertain light gleam'd there,  
That seem'd to burst from black despair.

## X.

I said I form'd a dark, deep plan  
To become the desperate foe of man :  
Though reckless all, the life-blood yet,  
Has never my glittering sabre wet ;  
But freezing fear to the warm heart sent,  
Has been my bloodless instrument  
To wrest the wealth from the rich—who, free  
From the cares and wants of poverty,  
Recline in the halls of luxury :  
Unmindful of the means to gain  
Their ends—unfeeling, selfish, vain ;  
Unmindful, though their bark for years  
Should sail down time, through mourner's tears ;  
And gales to waft them on, should rise  
From death-groans and heart-breaking sighs.  
One tenth of all I thus obtain'd,  
For my own use, each week remain'd ;  
The rest, the wretched cloth'd and fed,  
Impartially distributed.  
Now when I hear the plaintive wail  
Of the widow, and trembling orphan pale,  
To give them instant, kind relief,  
To heal their wounds, and soothe their grief,  
To cheer them in a trying hour,  
And place them beyond the miser's pow'r,  
And miseries from want that flow,  
By what I easy can bestow,  
Yields me a momentary joy,  
A bliss almost without alloy.  
And when at night I go and see  
A happy contented family ;  
In order, all in their proper places,

The bright fire shining in their faces,  
And then the parting scene—when going,  
The low deep sighs from hearts o'erflowing,  
Each holding out some little token,  
The wishes, pray'rs by sobs half broken,  
The thanks to which I cannot listen,  
A glance at soft dark eyes that glisten  
With pure and holy gratitude,  
My childhood's innocence seems renew'd :  
And but for memory, would be  
In the highest state of felicity.  
I part with a not unpleasant pain,  
And rush to my cavern'd home again.

## XI.

But thou wert young, and rememberest not  
The parting by the dim old grot.  
This ring, an undeserv'd reward,  
Is from the lady Ermengarde.  
Thy widow'd mother. This bright toy,  
Thou gavest me when a smiling boy,  
And this dark ringlet, once did twine  
Around the neck of Madeline.  
Then both were innocent and young,  
And wept at parting, and 'round me clung.  
Go, tell thy king of haughty mien,  
Victor de Leon, thou hast seen,  
That Bandit stern, that reckless man,  
Hunted, pursued, and under ban.  
The knight who will that outlaw bring  
A prisoner before the king.  
Wealth will reward, and titled pow'r,  
And the hand of the princess Elinore.



Go all unharm'd, present the king,  
 This silver cross and diamond ring,  
 He will know the pledge he gave to one  
 Who sav'd the life of his gallant son,  
 When hardly press'd by the Moorish bands,  
 In the loneliest part of the desert sands.  
 Farewell—I now go forth to free  
 From the grasp of inhumanity,  
 A friendless orphan ; and for her  
 Will strip the fell extortioner :  
 But alone, unarm'd, on yonder height,  
 I will stand in to-morrow noon's broad light—  
 Then reckless all I will wait and see  
 The veil withdrawn from Eternity.

## XII.

The bandit ceas'd abrupt, and turn'd away  
 Into the shadows of the forest grey,  
 Resolv'd to carry out his latest plan  
 All unsubdued, a dark, mysterious man.  
 \*            \*            \*            \*            \*            \*

Years roll'd away. De Leon's name no more  
 Was heard with dread on Guadelquivier's shore ;  
 His gloomy cave deserted by the sea,  
 Where midnight winds howl'd in their revelry.  
 Years roll'd away. A small white cot arose  
 In a lone vale thro' which the Hudson flows ;  
 A white-hair'd man at eve might oft be seen  
 In that low cottage door :—out, on the green,  
 Beneath the elms, as children gambol'd free,  
 That white-hair'd man would smile approvingly :  
 He had pass'd in some far, sunny clime,  
 A life of error and of crime ;

From crime and error he had turn'd,  
And late in life this lesson learn'd :  
That greatest blessings oft may be  
Mantled with dark adversity—  
And like the close of a summer day,  
Was passing peacefully away.

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## SELIM.

IN the bright sunny climes of the East is a land  
Where groves of tall flow'r trees in majesty stand ;  
Where the bright Bird of Paradise builds her high nest,  
And is rock'd amid flow'rs by the breeze of the west ;  
In this land is a vale, call'd the Vale of Delight,  
Where the green fields look lovely, and smiling and bright,  
Where the gardens all blooming with sweet-scented flow'rs,  
Seem a fit place to dwell for the golden-wing'd hours.  
In the fairest of these, the enchanting Khaleen,  
And the lovely Selima, oft walking are seen  
At eve, when the breath of the sinking night breeze,  
Waves gently the flowers of blossoming trees ;  
When the soft notes of music come floating from far,  
Thro' the orange and spice-groves, and stately Chenar ;  
When the dashing of waterfalls, murm'ring of fountains,  
And the discordant bells of the herds on the mountains,  
Are heard by Sultanas from their high palace tow'rs,  
And the fair Arab maid in her green myrtle bow'rs.  
'T was an eve like this, when Selim came  
From the field of bloody toil and fame ;  
To enjoy in the garden the evening mild,  
And list to the night-bird's song so wild.



For among the flow'rs he oft had stray'd  
By the side of his own dear Arab maid.  
But long since, in a foreign land,  
He heard she fell by a rival's hand ;  
And the thought o'er his soul shed a withering blight,  
Like the quick-destroying ray of light :  
And now as he gaz'd on the flow'rs so bright,  
That glisten'd with the dew of night,  
Two lovely maidens soft and fair  
Approach'd him with an easy air ;  
While on their fairy forms, he wond'ring hung—  
The eldest first drew nigh, while thus she sung :

Come hasten with me to yon high palace tow'rs,  
Where gold in profusion abounds ;  
There, pleasure and wealth shall forever be ours ;  
Unseemly for thee are th' Arabian bow'rs,  
Where nothing but nature surrounds.

There, in high gilded rooms maids in costly array,  
With music shall lull thee to rest :  
On beds strew'd with roses and violets gay,  
Shall watch thee at night and shall fan thee by day ;  
And thou shalt be happy and blest.

There, slaves shall attend thee, and tremblingly wait  
The command of their Lord to obey :  
In the pictur'd saloon, or pavilion of state,  
Or to guard thee in safety thro' yon lofty gate ;  
'Mid warriors in martial array.

There, the goblet shall foam with the juice of the vine,  
There, the song and the lute shall unite :  
There, pleasure and wealth shall forever be thine ;

There, beauty and wit all their charms shall combine ;  
To please thee, and aid thy delight.

Come hasten with me to yon high palace tow'r,  
Where gold in profusion abounds ;  
There, pleasure and wealth shall forever be ours ;  
Unseemly for thee are th' Arabian bow'rs,  
Where nothing but nature surrounds.

The youngest now drew nigh with modest fear,  
While these soft accents fell upon his ear.  
There's a sweet little isle in the Indian sea,  
Where the zephyrs with flow'rs are playing ;  
Where the wild deer and antelope ramble free,  
Thro' the fragrant spice-groves straying.

There, far from cold hearts, in peace we'll rest,  
Where envy and strife cannot sever,  
And we'll make us a bow'r 'neath the ring-dove's nest—  
And we'll never be parted—no never.

The flow'rs are lovely and beautiful there,  
As the flow'rs of Eden's garden :  
And our loves shall be holy, and pure as the pray'r  
Of charity pleading for pardon.

At morn we'll stray from our bow'r of rest,  
To look at the waves' wild motion :  
Or to watch where the sea-gull builds her nest,  
On some lonely cliff of the ocean.

I will walk by thy side in the balmy grove,  
At noon in the sunniest hours :  
Or we'll sit together and talk of love,  
In the myrtle and wild-rose bow'rs.

At eve we'll rest under blossoming trees,  
    On a bank of flow'rs reclining ;  
Enjoying the cool and fragrant breeze,  
    While the mild May moon is shining.

Come, go with me to this isle of rest,  
    Where envy and strife cannot sever,  
And we'll make us a bow'r 'neath the ring-dove's nest—  
    And we'll never be parted—no never.

Then Selim—deepest woe his looks express'd ;  
As the two list'ning maids, he thus address'd.

Oh ! talk not of love or a place of rest,  
    To the “joyless and desolate hearted,”  
For dark has my life been, unhappy, unblest,  
    Since her whom I lov'd has departed.

Since she is gone, love's bright sunny hours  
    Will never again shine o'er me,  
While darkly the cloud of adversity low'rs  
    On the pathway of life before me.

She mov'd like some lovely spirit of light,  
    Or Houri among earth's daughters,  
And oh ! she was tender, gentle, and bright  
    As a Nereid of the waters.

Together we've walk'd in a midsummer's night,  
    When the rose and the lily were weeping,  
When the moon's pure ray so gentle and bright,  
    On the violet-beds was sleeping.

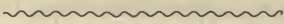
And then we talk'd of the spirits above,  
    And of bright days free from sorrow,  
And we call'd on those spirits to witness our love,  
    As we parted to meet on the morrow.

How lone feels the heart, when it thinks on the fall  
     Of joys that will shine again never ;  
 How chill, when the last dearest hope, and all  
     That it lov'd once has parted forever.

So talk not of love, or a place of rest,  
     To the "joyless and desolate-hearted,"  
 For dark has my life been, unhappy, unblest,  
     Since her whom I lov'd has departed.

And now the warrior stood amaz'd,  
 As he in doubt and wonder gaz'd,  
 Upon their fairy forms so bright ;  
 They seem'd like lovely spirits of light,  
 Who from the fields of Elysian fair,  
 Had wing'd their course thro' the moonlight air.  
 Now Khaleen with her wily art  
 Assay'd to gain young Selim's heart—  
 She seem'd so lovely, winning, fair,  
 And mov'd with such a graceful air,  
 That as he gaz'd upon her charms,  
 He long'd to fold her in his arms.  
 Her voice was soft, while a wreathed smile  
     Was upon her red lips playing ;  
 She seem'd like a lovely, innocent child,  
     Among the wild flow'rs straying :  
 And yet there was something in that smile  
 That told of treachery and guile ;  
 And something in her restless eye  
 That spoke of art and cruelty.  
 Unlike Selima's mild blue eye,  
 That beam'd like an Angel's of the sky,  
 Where love, all undisguis'd, shone free,  
 And heavenly truth and purity.

Her voice was sweet as "Peri's hymn  
    Descending thro' the stilly night,"  
Or the heavenly tones of the Cherubim,  
    That chant round Allah's throne of light.  
So pure, so innocent, so sweetly mild,  
She seem'd like virtue's lovely, beauteous child,  
All bright with blooming charms :—when lo ! display'd  
Before him stood his own dear Arab maid.  
One moment he gaz'd on her Angel charms,  
And the next he folded her in his arms ;  
And now of his lovely Selima possess'd,  
With joy he retir'd to the isle of rest.



#### THE SHIPWRECK.

'TWAS on a dark and stormy night a ship  
Was dashing swiftly through the boiling foam—  
The sailors all were in their hammocks laid,  
Save the watch only. He with watchful eye  
Was walking to and fro upon the deck,  
And humming low some melancholy air,  
Beguiling thus the tedious hours of night  
That heavy hung upon him. 'TILL at length  
Weary with constant toil and watching, stopp'd—  
Lean'd o'er the deck, and in deep silence mus'd.  
No sound was heard save that of ocean's roar,  
And the continued pelting of the storm.  
No clang of arms, as on the day before  
Was heard—then, all was strife and uproar wild ;  
The busy seamen running to and fro,  
Obedient to the chieftain's stern command,

Exerting every nerve, each to excel  
The other in the horrid work of death :  
The roll of musquetry, the clash of swords,  
As in the act of boarding man met man  
In mortal conflict, and with fury strove,  
And all the thunder of the battle's storm,  
With fury rag'd around.

How chang'd the scene !  
Some bound in slumber's chain wrapp'd in bright dreams ;  
And some perchance were musing on the past,  
On scenes of early childhood, and their homes ;  
And " counting on long years " of happiness—  
Anticipation fond bringing to mind  
The joyous welcome, and the smiling face ;  
When safe return'd from sea, would meet their friends  
Around the cheerful hearth ; there to relate  
Their hardships, toils, adventures and escapes ;  
Sad tales of shipwreck'd mariners, and all  
The fearful dangers of a sailor's life.  
Thus mus'd the watch perchance a lonely hour ;

When suddenly the storm came on apace,  
And the hoarse roar of ocean louder grew ;  
The black high-rolling waves were edg'd with white.  
The sea-fowl screaming, flew around the ship,  
As if to seek a refuge from the storm.  
And now the sailors all were call'd on deck ;  
A youth was sent to climb the tallest mast,  
When a most mighty wind rush'd o'er the ship,  
And then the tall majestic mast fell crashing,  
And with it fell the youth, plung'd in the deep,  
And long and doleful were his cries for help.  
Alas ! none could be had, and his faint cries  
At length were drowned in the ocean's roar.



He was a youth belov'd of all the crew,  
A widow's only child, who oft, when young,  
Would hear with rapture tales of the far sea,  
And itching curiosity would prompt  
A strong desire to visit foreign climes—  
Where th' orange blows and fragrant spices grow,  
Scenting the breezy shores with rich perfume ;  
And as he older grew, his mind was bent  
Upon a sailor's life. Reluctantly  
His mother from him parted.—Oh ! exclaim'd  
The widow'd and heart-broken parent—Oh,  
My son, my darling William ! never more  
Shall I behold your face this side the grave ;  
Your father gone, and must I lose you too ?  
You whom I hop'd would comfort my old age  
And “smooth my passage to the friendly tomb.”  
My last, my only joy must I resign ?  
He promis'd her that he would soon return,  
After one voyage short, and never more  
Depart from her—then tore himself away.  
She could not say farewell, but wav'd her hand.  
Then gaz'd with watery eyes upon his form  
Until it pass'd from sight ; and then she mourn'd  
“Until her aged eyes grew dim with weeping.”  
Unhappy Mother ! thou wilt sorrow long,  
Wilt long indulge fond hopes that he doth live,  
That he will yet return to dry thy tears,—  
Wilt in thy slumbers often dream of him,  
All fair and blooming as when last beheld ;  
Then wake to anguish. Thus the tedious years  
Will slowly pass away, till weary, worn,  
Wilt, pining drop into the silent grave.  
And now the rain in one broad deluge pour'd,



And the wind blew in fury terrible ;  
Now all were busy throwing overboard  
Into the swallowing waves their cumbrous wealth ;  
Rich bales of Persian silk, and balm, and myrrh,  
And spices of the East, and richest pearl,  
And diamonds bright, were all promiscuous thrown  
Into the deep. How vain were all things now !  
Nor gold, nor diamonds bright, nor precious gems,  
Nor all the riches of the East had pow'r  
To charm. All these were sunk to nothingness,  
Compar'd with life, how valueless was gold ?  
All would they give, if safe restor'd to land—  
But, Ah ! how vain the thought ! while 'round the ship  
The huge rough waves loud-roaring, wildly dash'd  
With undiminish'd fury.

The crew now wearied with continual toil,  
Despairing stood. An awful silence reign'd :  
Sometimes the ship would mount to tow'ring height,  
Upon the topmost wave ; anon, 'twould plunge  
Into the op'ning gulf below, that seem'd  
A little valley—then a mighty wave  
O'er the dark deck would rush, and then the crew  
Would all be drenched in the foaming brine.  
At times, broad gleams of lightning instant cast  
A fearful glare, and brightness all around ;  
Discovering groups of sailors on the deck,  
Pale with affright as spectres of the tomb ;  
Again 'twould all be darkness, and the peals  
Of bellowing thunder bursting on the ear,  
Seem'd like to shiver the frail, laboring bark ;  
At length the sound would distant roll away,  
And die upon the ear in far-off rumbling ;  
Alternately, the ship did seem to sail

In sheet of flame, and rolling clouds of darkness.  
Thus rag'd the storm, while onward dash'd the ship,  
Amid the roar of waters, till at length,  
The billows by their glare and hollow roar,  
Gave fearful warning of the near approach  
To rocks, or shoals, or told some island near,  
Where fancy paints the cold and coral caves  
Of ocean—where the ghosts of mariners  
Whom the raging flood long since hath swallow'd,  
Hold nightly revel ; and e'en now it seem'd  
As if strange sounds were heard, and dismal groans,  
And shrieks, and horrid yells, and laughter loud ;  
And as the ship dash'd on impetuous,  
The sounds grew louder, thickening on the blast ;  
Then ghastly forms flit o'er the darksome wave,  
In whose white bony hands a torch did blaze,  
Shedding a fitful light, a sickly flame,  
That chill'd the hearts of all with freezing fear.  
And e'en was seen in fancy death's grim form,  
With threatening mien, on waves of ocean riding ;  
Just then the ship was carried mountain high,  
Upon a mighty wave, and furious hurl'd  
Against a rock.

A shriek went up : and then,  
Confusion, terror, and despair, by turns,  
Sway'd uncontroll'd o'er the devoted crew.  
The rain had ceas'd—the wind was falling fast :  
The moon, at times, shone faintly thro' the clouds,  
Enough to show the poor despairing crew  
Their dismal fate. The ship to pieces went,  
And every one for his own safety sought ;  
Some barrels seiz'd, and some to boxes clung—  
Some on a plank launch'd forth into the deep,

While numbers crowded in the long-boat, left  
 The sinking ship, yet, scarcely from it clear,  
 When foaming, roaring on, a giant wave  
 Roll'd over boat and men, and onward dash'd.  
 A father here, to save a much lov'd son,  
 Was clinging to some fragment of the ship,  
 With death-like grasp, one arm around his child :  
 While there, two brothers floating on a plank,  
 Lock'd in each other's arms, and gazing wild  
 Upon the waste of waters heaving round.  
 A short time then elaps'd, when all had sunk,  
 Save one—and only he, of all the crew  
 Was snatch'd from fate to tell the dreadful tale.  
 Now where the boat had sunk, the mountain wave  
 Was wreathing high, in wild disorder foaming ;  
 But after midnight hour 'twas sunk in sleep,  
 And the deep, sullen moan of winds that breath'd  
 Thro' the wild crags, and rocks, and cavern'd shore,  
 (Howling a mournful requiem for the dead,  
 Who 'neath cold ocean's briny pall lay sleeping,)  
 Had also ceas'd. The moon and stars shone bright,  
 Casting a silvery lustre on the deep,  
 That now in silence o'er the sleeping roll'd.  
 'Twas like the silence of a deep smooth stream,  
 That in the stilly night steals softly on.



#### A VISION.

##### I.

I saw a land of far-extended woods,  
 Of roaring cataracts, and foaming floods,  
 Where mighty rivers roll'd their tribute free,

Thro' gloomy forests to the open sea.  
 On hoary mountains the pale moonlight stream'd—  
 Vast, sea-like lakes in lonely grandeur gleam'd—  
 Wrapp'd in deep gloom and silence lay the isles  
 Of those still lakes amid the forest wilds,  
 Remote from noise and strife. There, reach'd no cry  
 From thy pale victims, Inhumanity.  
 There, Innocence might tranquilly repose  
 Secure from calumny or subtle foes ;  
 There, Liberty might smiling Peace embrace,  
 And Sabbath mornings find a holy resting place.  
 It was the Indian-hunter's land, and free  
 As the wild winds that sweep the mighty sea,  
 They roam'd its solitudes, to live content,  
 Beneath their own star-spangled firmament.  
 The woods and waters all their wants supplied,  
 Nor knew they aught of luxury beside ;  
 " Their trade was war, their past-time was the chase,"  
 A hardy, brave, and hospitable race.  
 Thro' gloomy forests prowl'd the grizzly bear,  
 The wolf's long howl rose on the midnight air ;  
 I heard the panther's scream, and far away,  
 The ceaseless thunder of Niagara.

## II.

'Twas chang'd. Another nation own'd the soil,  
 Who came from far, and liv'd by hardy toil.  
 I saw that nation in the fearful strife,  
 Sternly contend for liberty and life ;  
 For tyrants long with unrelenting hand,  
 Had wav'd oppression's sceptre o'er the land.  
 The horrid clang of arms—the deep'ning roar,  
 Of battle, echoing, roll'd from shore to shore.

The nation's ornament and leading-star,  
 Blaz'd WASHINGTON, conspicuous afar,  
 Outshining all—the glancing of his eye  
 Was terrible as death to tyranny ;  
 But soft and mild as Hope to the distress'd ;  
 The watchful sentinel of men oppress'd.  
 A laurel wreath of deathless fame, was set  
 Upon the brows of gallant Lafayette,  
 The champion of freedom.—with acclaim  
 They hail'd his liberty-inspiring name.  
 I saw great Hamilton, commanding, rise,  
 The fire of genius flashing from his eyes ;  
 At his deep eloquence the convict shook  
 And treason trembled at his piercing look.  
 I saw from far, a mighty Genius\* stand  
 'Mid rattling thunder-storms, that shook the land ;  
 He spake, the elements his voice obey'd,  
 And lightnings 'round him innocently play'd.

### III.

'Twas chang'd.—The long and fearful strife was past,  
 And peace return'd, and freedom reign'd at last.  
 The scatter'd remnants of the hunter's race,  
 Had weary sought, but found no resting-place ;  
 A hapless people, wanderers far away,  
 In prairies lone, or forest-wilds that lay  
 Beyond where Mississippi's waters flow  
 On to the stormy Gulf of Mexico :  
 They soon will pass, (no friendly arm to save,)  
 Dejected and despairing to the grave.  
 Where once majestic forests darkly frown'd,  
 In gloom and silence awfully profound,

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\* FRANKLIN.



There busy cities, fields of waving grain,  
And sunny meadows varied o'er the plain—  
Where once the thorn and tangled brier grew,  
Orchards and blooming gardens rose to view :  
Where howling wolves once roam'd the forest free,  
There bleating flocks were grazing peacefully ;  
Where once the brindled panther watch'd his prey,  
A gentle-breathing infant, sleeping lay ;  
Where sang at eve the dark-hair'd Indian maid,  
There, the pale lover rais'd the serenade ;  
Where once the light canoe danc'd o'er the tide,  
I saw large ships majestically ride ;  
Where curl'd the smoke from the bright council-fire,  
There rose to view a church's taper spire ;  
Where tall, grim warriors once their war-dance held,  
The social circle every care dispell'd ;  
Where once the thrilling war-whoop echo'd 'round,  
Was slowly borne a church-bell's lingering sound ;  
Where once dark forms in deadly strife were seen,  
There merry school-boys sported on the green ;  
Where once the victor chief in vengeful wrath,  
Pursued his foe along the tangled path,  
And thro' the glade, and by the winding stream,  
The plough-boy, whistling, drove his patient team :  
Where curl'd the flame around the victim's head,  
The quiet hearth a cheerful light did shed.  
And sages met in council, to debate  
The growing interests of a mighty state,  
Where gathering crowds with admiration hung  
On the smooth eloquence of WEBSTER's tongue :  
Or sat, enraptur'd at the bright display,  
From all-persuasive, Ciceronian CLAY.  
I saw upon the glittering rolls of fame,

AN IRVING'S, CHANNING'S, and a COOPER'S name ;  
 Apollo spake—obedient to the call,  
 LONGFELLOW, BRYANT, HALLECK, PERCIVAL,  
 In order came—upon each brow he plac'd  
 A brilliant crown, to Genius, Wit and Taste ;  
 The Muses gave Renown's far-glittering gem,  
 And garlanded with flow'rs each sparkling diadem ;  
 They touch'd their harps, and from the trembling strings  
 Sweet music flow'd, as when an Angel sings :  
 And smiling Peace, Prosperity, Content,  
 Brighten'd the far-off shores of that vast CONTINENT.

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#### THE BATTLE-FIELD.

THERE was a gathering of men from far,  
 With all the stirring pageantry of war ;  
 As the long ranks in order forming wheel'd,  
 Their polish'd arms flash'd light'ning o'er the field ;  
 And steeds, impatient for the fight, were neighing,  
 And plumes and banners in the breeze were playing.

The trumpet sounded, and the clarions clear,  
 With wild, inspiring music, banish'd fear.  
 Conspicuous, on the battle-field's confines,  
 The leaders dash'd along the glittering lines,  
 With eagle-glance reviewing points and stations,  
 O'erlooking stern, the gathering of nations.

One long, deep signal note was heard from far,  
 Then burst the bellowing thunder-peals of war,  
 And squadrons madly rush'd to combat dire,  
 Thro' rolling smoke, and cataracts of fire.



Bright thro' the war-cloud countless swords were gleaming  
While life was from a thousand bosoms streaming.

Again was heard the trumpet's thrilling sound,  
And mingling conflict thicken'd fast around ;  
The fierce Dragoon, all cas'd in armor bright,  
Plung'd recklessly amid the thickest fight,  
O'er "helmed heads" laid low, his war-horse dashing,  
Where valor fought, and swords were fearful clashing.

And ranks on ranks were swept—the proudly great,  
And humble soldier found one common fate ;  
And many a chief by wild ambition fir'd,  
And thirst of fame, "triumphantly expir'd,"  
No more to hear the death-drum's thrilling rattle,  
Nor more to shine in arms in front of battle.

Ceas'd not the work of death, until the sun  
Thro' Heaven's blue vault, his daily course had run ;  
Then shouted giant Conquest drench'd with gore,  
And all the battle-field was wild uproar ;  
Sad were the cries of wounded men, and dying,  
And wild the rout of vanquish'd squadrons flying.

The war is o'er—a Kingdom ceas'd to be,  
Bow'd to the iron yoke of tyranny ;  
The war is o'er—high on his glittering car,  
O'er desolation, rides the conqueror ;  
The war is o'er—yet on that field are sleeping,  
Lov'd ones for whom there long, long shall be weeping.

POLAND.  
—

“HOPE for a season bade the world farewell,  
And Freedom shriek'd as KOSCIUSKO fell.”—CAMPBELL.  
—

## I.

UNHAPPY Poland! Europe's tragic stage,  
Where champions in Freedom's cause, engage  
In doubtful strife, contending to be free,  
Throughout each dire, eventful tragedy ;  
Where Patriots, a firm heroic band,  
Breasting the battle-shock, undaunted stand,  
Their country's proud oppressor's to repel,  
And nations coldly view the bleeding spectacle.

## II.

Wrong'd, injur'd Poland! oft with sword and brand,  
Have Europe's marshall'd hosts swept o'er thy land ;  
Before strode giant conquest—pale dismay—  
And blood and devastation mark'd their way ;  
Thy Provinces rent piece-meal, 'till thy name  
Upon the list of nations had no claim.  
Then the proud tyrant, on his glittering car,  
O'er desolation wide, rode lordly conqueror.

## III.

Ill-fated Warsaw! oft the vengeful foe  
Has laid thy palaces and temples low ;  
The servile host, by proud Suwarrow led—  
To deeds of cruelty and havoc bred—  
Pour'd thro' thy gates, and streams of blood ran free,  
As thousands bled by cold barbarity ;  
Then were thy sanctuaries stain'd with gore,  
And tumult rag'd around, and horrible uproar.

## IV.

Thy name and deeds, Suwarrow, down shall go,  
Where the deep waters of oblivion flow  
Ceaseless and dark—while Kosciusko's name,  
Shall wide and far, be heralded by Fame—  
Shall be the watch-word in some far-off land,  
To wrest the scourge from out the Despot's hand—  
Shall seize his guilty soul with trembling fears,  
And shake his tottering throne, and thunder in his ears.

## V.

And even now, destruction's woe-fraught wing  
Is over Poland darkly hovering,  
And war—stern war—his bloody standard sets  
'Mid gleaming swords and bristling bayonets ;  
And combatants, in armor bright appear  
On Europe's blood-stain'd tragic theatre ;  
And Destiny hangs lingering, to free,  
Or bind the galling chains of fiend-like Tyranny.

## VI.

Oh, Liberty ! stand forth—thy arm extend,  
The rights of injur'd Poland to defend,  
And like a cheering light, dispel her woes,  
But flash pale terrors 'round on all her foes ;  
Ride conquering, 'till proud oppression yields,  
Or crush'd beneath thy flaming chariot wheels.  
There raise thy altar—there, erect thy home—  
Be Poland's guardian genius—her PALLADIUM.

## A REVERY.

TOGETHER met the fearless and the free,  
To celebrate a Nation's Jubilee.  
The sunny fields with blooming flow'rs were strew'd,  
And joyous rang a people's gratitude ;  
But soon a pall of gloom spread o'er the scene,  
And sadness reign'd where laughing joy had been ;  
Hush'd were the sounds of mirth—the mourner's wail,  
Low-sounding, rose upon the fitful gale.  
Two honor'd Sages\* to their country dear,  
That day had clos'd their glorious career.  
As two bright stars of dazzling hosts, the van,  
High-rolling thro' the pure cerulean,  
Their course had been.—Call'd hence by God's decree,  
To celebrate the day more gloriously.  
I saw their disembodied spirits rise,  
While Liberty lean'd smiling from the skies—  
Sparkled the coruscations, keenly bright,  
Of dazzling splendor in their paths of light :  
Soft to my ears celestial music stole,  
In streams of melody that hush'd my soul ;  
Far in the Heav'ns two points intensely bright,  
A moment shone, then vanish'd from my sight ;  
A strain of music, jubilant and free,  
Burst from the skies—then ceas'd the melody,  
And I awoke. A far-off funeral knell  
Rang in my ears, and on the breeze did swell.  
While musing, I unconsciously had stray'd  
To the lone spot where weary ones were laid ;  
The full round moon a silver lustre shed  
Upon the white, cold tomb-stones of the dead ;  
A “sere and yellow leaf” fell at my feet—  
Alas ! the time of man, how passing fleet !

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\*Adams and Jefferson, who both died on the 4th of July, 1826.

## HAPPINESS.

## I.

SEEK for me where innocent mirth  
Brightens around the domestic hearth ;  
Where sweet contentment adds a grace  
To each fair and smiling face ;  
Where entertaining tales of truth  
By the aged are told to the list'ning youth ;  
Where all is joy and innocent glee,  
And where all are united in harmony.

## II.

I am found with the inmates so happy and free,  
Of the cottage of busy industry ;  
Where the husband returns from a distant shore,  
To the home of his fathers, to part no more ;  
Where each little one's innocent, smiling face  
Seems to welcome him home to a resting-place,  
By the bright-blazing fire, where each care of his life  
Is sooth'd by th' affectionate smiles of his wife ;  
How cheerful, tho' weary, he sits down to rest  
In his own happy cottage, the place he loves best.

## III.

I am found with the much-expecting youth,  
In the days of his innocence and truth—  
Who never yet has been deceiv'd  
By the cold world—who ne'er has griev'd  
For loss of friends by death laid low,  
Or felt misfortune's heavy blow ;  
I wrap his soul in a dream of bliss,  
That shall vanish ere long into nothingness.

## IV.

I am found where innocent hearts are join'd  
 In pure and faithful love ;—combin'd  
 By sweet affection's holy tie,  
 And friendship in its purity ;  
 Where only to live for each other, is worth  
 All the rest of the pleasures and joy of earth.  
 Oh ! what sweet thrills of pleasure, what ecstasy rolls  
 'Round the innocent young hearts of two kindred souls ;  
 There is nothing of earth with such rapture entwin'd,  
 As the first hour of love when two fond hearts are join'd.

## V.

Where love, and peace, and health abound,  
 And calm content, there, I am found ;  
 I am found with the child of God—and where  
 The pure heart swells high with devotion and pray'r ;  
 Wherever fair virtue holds her sway,  
 I shed a pure, a heavenly ray—  
 And there always is a home for me  
 In the land of FREEDOM and LIBERTY.

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 MISERY.

## I.

SEEK for me in the vaulted cell,  
 Where tyranny, fiend-like, wreathes his spell,  
 Where the heavy walls are cold and damp,  
 Where dimly burns the mouldy lamp,  
 Where the wretch for liberty sighs in vain,



There I love to hear the clank of his chain.  
And when the wind round the rugged walls moan,  
I love to hear the prisoner's groan :  
Then I mutter darkly in his ear,  
A bitter tale for the coming year.

## II.

I am found where children starving lie,  
In the cottage of ghastly poverty ;  
How I love to hear the mother's wail,  
As she breaks the last crust for her children pale ;  
When her husband returns at the midnight hour,  
With a ruin'd soul, and a madman's pow'r  
From the Gambler's hell, or the Drunkard's den—  
Or the lowest haunts of degraded men.

## III.

I am found with the youth who is roughly toss'd  
On adversity's sea, whose friends are lost,  
Whose dearest hopes are all laid low.  
Whose life is one sad tale of woe ;  
Who feels, when downward from happiness hurl'd,  
The taunts of the cold unfeeling world ;  
I am with him in his bitterest hour,  
To shed round his heart my withering pow'r.

## IV.


Seek for me in the cot of the maid,  
Who has been by the villain false, betray'd ;  
When she's bitterly musing, deep sunk in grief,  
I love to withhold every kind relief :  
And when madly raving in wild despair,  
She tears the locks of her sunny hair ;



How I love to twine round her breaking heart,  
Ere the life-blood is forc'd from its fount to depart.

## V.

Seek for me where jealousy reigns,  
That drinks the blood from the heart's warm veins :  
I am found with vice in every clime,  
And follow the track of revenge and crime ;  
I am found with the toil-worn, wretched slave,  
And I hasten his journey to the grave ;  
Oh ! I love to twine round a grief stricken heart,  
Ere the life blood is forc'd from its fount to depart.  
And there always is a home for me,  
In the land of OPPRESSION and SLAVERY.



THE STORM.

THE afternoon was sultry, in the west  
A dark cloud rested, and from whence at times  
The lightning fitful flash'd—the distant sound  
Of thunder muttering low, the coming wind,  
That thro' the forest pass'd with solemn roar,  
Waving the lofty pines, bespoke a storm.  
At length the cloud, pile after pile arose,  
Grimly terrific, darkly penciling  
The wall of Heav'n, gloomily shadowing  
Woodland and village, vales, and rocks and hills,  
And winding streams that late in sunlight shone ;  
Till spreading fast, earth seem'd as with a pall  
Of fearful blackness curtain'd all around.  
Then swift-descending fell the rattling hail,  
And forked lightnings darted down on earth,

Scathing the lofty pine or stubborn oak,  
 And then again they blaz'd high 'mid the clouds ;  
 The dark'ning air grew thick with tempest :  
 The sweeping blast, into a whirlwind grown,  
 Uprooted trees, or hurl'd their limbs in air,  
 And all the sky was uproar.

\* \* \* \* \*

At length the storm subsided, and the cloud  
 That hung o'er earth slow-roll'd away, and then  
 The many color'd Iris sweetly smil'd,  
 Her gorgeous tints all bright, and beautiful,  
 Commingling, mellowing, and melting soft,  
 Far-stain'd the liquid pure cerulean ;  
 The setting sun's last rays beam'd on the earth,  
 And all above was calm and clear, except  
 A few thin fleecy clouds, that slowly mov'd  
 Their light forms 'round the azure vault of Heav'n.  
 The Evening Star then pale and trembling shone,  
 Scarce visible, for still the parted rays  
 Of Phœbus ting'd with golden hue the clouds ;  
 Star after star appear'd till Heaven's dome  
 Seem'd thick inlaid with brilliants, sparkling 'round  
 The Queen of Night, thro' liquid azure sailing ;  
 Her face at times veil'd by a golden cloud,  
 As oft unveil'd, and sweetly smiling down,  
 Shedding a flood of glory, streaming 'round.  
 Like some lone traveler o'er gentle hills  
 Passing with hurried step, whose yellow locks  
 Are in the rude blast streaming, and whose form  
 The shadowy rocks, or tufted foliage  
 Of some lone grove often obscures or hides :  
 So the mild face of Cynthia was shown.  
 Oh sight sublime ! when in the dewy night,

The glittering stars hang trembling in the blue,  
 Serene of Heav'n, 'tis then the soul expands,  
 Lifted above the groveling things of earth,  
 And feels, and owns an All-wise Deity.



#### A GLANCE AT THE FUTURE.

THE veil remov'd, that hides Eternity,  
 Will show us Truth, eternal, glorious truth ;  
 All things reveal'd, explain'd, that should be known ;  
 Then friends will meet, all happy, ne'er to part,  
 And know each other, and sweet converse hold  
 Together 'round the dazzling throne of God,  
 With the redeem'd of ages—spirits bright,  
 Intelligences—powers from other worlds,  
 Angels, Archangels, Hierarchs of light,  
 And beings of high order :

Or together range in bands,  
 Conversing thro' the vales of Paradise.  
 Perhaps, allow'd with Angel-guides, to rove  
 From star to star, and visit strange bright worlds,  
 Fairer than Eden, where blest spirits dwell.  
 Thus, glancing in obedience to thought,  
 From the bright, chrystal battlements of Heav'n,  
 Far in God's boundless empire, we may see  
 New systems, worlds, and beings without end.  
 Thus, ever-varying scenes—scenes ever new,  
 Of beauty, glory, or sublimity,  
 Thro' space interminable scatter'd wide,  
 Shall call forth gratitude, and love, and praise,  
 Ceaseless to God, to whom all praise is due.

Vast, boundless, measureless Eternity,  
 Awful, sublime, incomprehensible,  
 All-swallowing :—when Time shall be engulf'd  
 In thy profound, the just will be in Heav'n.  
 From lingering suspense, and blighted hope,  
 From earth's perplexities, and passion's strife,  
 From care, and fear, and misery, and death,  
 And all uneasiness forever free.  
 Increasing constantly in knowledge, bliss,  
 As fast as their increasing pow'rs can bear  
 To know, or to enjoy, yet always full,  
 Always improving, blest continually,  
 Forever ! and Forever !! and Forever !!

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WANDERINGS OF THOUGHT.

I SEE unroll'd the dim and shadowy Past,
 Far back, beyond the time when first this orb
 Was rounded, or the lamps of Heav'n were hung
 Far blazing in the boundless fields of space ;
 The great First Cause of all things, high enthron'd
 Between two vast Eternities, looks forth,
 And at a glance the Past and Future sees,
 Like two great Hemispheres mapp'd out around.
 Thus always seen and known, all things must be
 Present to him, "one great eternal now."
 All things must therefore be as seen and known
 By Him whose sovereign will alone is Fate ;
 Hence, nothing could be otherwise that is.
 Motives, and pow'rs beyond our weak control,
 Lead us, and govern, and compel to act
 Each one his part, throughout life's weary round.

God is in all things, and all things in him,
 All things are of, and from him ; and in space
 No utter vacuum can ever be,
 Nor ever has been—nothing can destroy
 Or separate a moment the Great One.
 Evil is suffer'd for the sake of good,
 And springs from imperfection—and must end
 Lost in progression infinite of Love,
 Our course is onward, through progressive states,—
 Developements of deathless mind, and Truth,
 Expanding Wisdom, Love, and endless Bliss.

FAREWELL TO TOBACCO.

Fare thee well and if forever,
 Still forever Fare thee well.—BYRON.

FAREWELL to thee, Tobacco ! Now no more
 On sofa, or in arm-chair shall I muse
 Half-waking, half-forgetful, sooth'd by thee
 Oh ! thou hast often prov'd my kindly friend—
 Hast often prov'd a soothing, healing balm
 To my wrung, quivering bosom.

Oft as the dense blue smoke would upward rise,
 Fantastically curling from my pipe,
 And the rude wintry storm has howl'd without,
 On the clos'd shutters beating, have I sat
 By some kind-hearted Dutchman's cheerful hearth,
 While tales of headless "spooks" and goblins dire,
 Beguil'd the long and tedious winter eve.
 By thee incited, oft has fancy play'd

Strange pranks within my brain.
I have descended swift as beams of light,
Down, down, far down, a dreary way, beneath
The dark, dead waters of a waveless sea,
Where the cold caverns of oblivion,
Dim, gloomy, dismal, vast, most horrid yawn'd
Silent as death :—I saw upon the walls,
The names and deeds of many, who on earth
Heroes renown'd were call'd, and sons of Fame.
Huge, shapeless, green ey'd monsters seem'd to rise
Far in the sullen gloom—affrighted, chill'd,
On wings of fancy swiftly I return'd.

Recover'd by the light and warmth of day,
Mounted again, I would pursue my course
Awhile among Earth's kingdom's—I would go
To far-off realms, where hoary mountains lift
Their dark scarr'd foreheads, far above the clouds,
That tempest-charg'd, hang dark'ning o'er the land :
Above where lightnings play, and thunders roll
Whose peaks unscath'd by elemental strife,
Rest in eternal sunshine.

Then sudden starting from the loftiest height
Of the Himlayan chain, I would ascend
Where planets roll, and meteors career,
Where strange bright suns shoot far their dazzling rays,
And comets wheel in orbs elliptical,
Through boundless space, among the burning stars.

And on, and on, still farther, would I rove,
Thro' space interminable, skyward wing'd,
Up; up, far up, a long, long way beyond
The sage Astronomer's profoundest ken,

Where last of light, the coruscations play,
 And flash, and sparkle on the farthest verge,
 The edges bright of the great Universe.

Ev'n farther still—where Chaos and Dim Night,
 Forever reign—where Horror, Darkness, Gloom,
 Loud uproar, Discord, and Confusion dire,
 Jarring commingle, and with fearful din,
 Unceasing revel.

Thus on, till Desolation's ebon wing
 O'er all came darkly sweeping, shutting out
 What lay beyond, black'ning the prospect 'round.—
 Then back to bustling earth, where I arriv'd
 As the last wreath of smoke had disappear'd.
 Tobacco once for all, I say FAREWELL.

LACY CASTLE.

I.

Midnight with all its dreams and crimes, has pass'd,
 And morning's earliest hour is hoarse proclaim'd,
 By some lone German watchman station'd near,
 In broken English, drawling out—"All's Well."
 Pale thro' my grated window comes the gleam
 Of lightning, fitfully, the cold grey walls
 In mockery brightening, as if to show
 That all is not a dream.—The far-off roll
 Of thunder, like an anthem fills the sky :
 The sound of rain comes faintly to my ear,
 Scarce heard within these formidable walls,
 Tho' all is silent now, save the low moan
 Of some sick prisoner, or horrid noise

Of half starv'd rats, contending for a bone
Cast from some wretch's cell.—“The ribald jest,”
Profanity and song are heard no more,
All save the sick one, seem to be at rest,
Dreaming perchance of childhood and their homes.

II.

Shut up from all I hold most dear on earth,
To gratify a petty tyrant's will,
Whose little soul no generous spark e'er warm'd ;
A rank disgrace to the high place he fills ;
The pliant engine of sectarian pow'r ;
Base tool of cliques, and recreant to all
The high and noble feelings of a man,
His hate has honor'd me more than disgrac'd.

III.


My wife ! my boy ! my pleasant cottage home !
Imagination pictures to my view,
As when I saw them last ;—not dreaming then,
That tyranny would part us ev'n a day.
My boy at eve will watch for me in vain,
And fail to meet me at the usual hour ;
Will miss me when he takes his little round,
To kiss, and say “Good Night.” Be comforted,
Hope whispers we shall shortly meet again—
Till then farewell—malice has done its worst.

THE DREAM OF YOUTH.

'Twas ever thus from childhood's hour
 I've seen my fondest hopes decay ;
 I never lov'd a tree or flow'r,
 But 'twas the first to fade away.—MOORE.

I DREAM'D I saw an isle of light
 In the wide blue waste before me,
 And as I gaz'd a spirit bright
 From the isle seem'd hovering o'er me,
 Speaking in music :—" Yonder isle
 So bright, where all things sweetly smile,
 Is the home of Happiness—no care,
 Nor grief, nor misery is there ;
 No discord, envy, slander, strife,
 Nor jealousy, (torment of life,)
 No faithless friends who warm to-day,
 To-morrow coldly turn away ;
 Who say you ne'er shall be forgot—
 But on the morrow know you not.
 There, the cold-hearted ne'er can come,
 There, the unfeeling find no home,
 There's no deceit or treachery,
 But all is truth, integrity,
 And friendship warm, and faithful love ;
 There, pure religion from above
 Descends, from superstition free,
 All radiant with charity."'
 He said : then thro' the yielding air,
 Departed for the isle so fair ;
 And then on airy pinions, light,
 I follow'd the fair spirit bright ;
 But as with swift unwearied wing
 I sail'd, the isle seem'd vanishing,

And with it expectations high,
Of future happiness and joy.
The spirit from before my face
Soon pass'd—and then an empty space
Appear'd, where late the sunny isle
Of Happiness did sweetly smile.
Sad I return'd, and on the shore
I stood where I had stood before ;
And long I gaz'd, but ne'er could see
Again that isle of Purity.



THE SEASONS.

'Twas Spring—and the birds all around me were singing,
The meadows were drest in their liveliest green ;
The plough-boy was whistling—the village bells ringing,
How happy in childhood, I thought I had been.

'Twas Summer—the sun in full splendor was beaming,
And bright shone the corn-fields, and sweet smelt the hay ;
Yet a whirlwind had pass'd, and a crop richly teeming,
Like the hopes of our youth, had been all swept away.

'Twas Autumn—and wild birds in flocks were fast flying,
To the bright sunny climes of the south, far away ;
The flow'rets and green leaves of Summer were dying,
All sadly reminding of manhood's decay.

'Twas Winter—all lonely I stood, as hoarse-howling,
The winds of December swept o'er the rude heath ;
While dark-rolling storm-clouds above me were scowling,
Awaking reflections on old age and death.

THE STAFF OF LIFE AND DEATH.

I SAW a little ragged boy, one stormy winter's day,
 Between the staff of Life and Death, he struggled on his way ;
 The staff of Life was on his left, (a loaf of purest white,)
 The staff of Death, (a whisky jug well fill'd,) was on his right ;
 That loaf of bread, perchance has been the life-sustaining pow'r
 Of some poor suffering family for many a weary hour ;
 Perhaps the next supply of bread, has been too late to save
 A feeble child, or mother, from the all-consuming grave.
 The staff of Death thus oft is seen, beside the staff of Life,
 Bringing disgrace and poverty, sickness, and woe, and strife ;
 Destroying all things good, and fair, and bright among mankind,
 That come within its giant sway—the Mælstrom of the Mind.

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 THE PAST, THE PRESENT, AND THE FUTURE.

THE Past regret not—nor deplore  
 Time's never-ceasing flight ;  
 Though journeying in darkness on,  
 Or in one broad path of light—  
 Though bright the links of Memory's chain,  
 Or stain'd and dark—regret is vain.

The Present is our heritage—  
 The Past can ne'er be ours,  
 And the Future is deceptive,  
 Tho' enwreath'd with Hope's bright flow'rs.  
 The Present is a rich estate,  
 All may enjoy and cultivate.

The Future, veil'd from human sight.

Yet bright or dark appears,  
To our imagination oft,  
Painted by hopes or fears.  
The Past should teach us to employ  
The Present well, for Future joy.

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### THE CHOICE.

#### I.

ONE comes from the stormy fields of war,  
Triumphant on his glittering car ;  
He has thrones and kingdoms won,  
A crown, and what the world calls fame,  
A laurel-wreath and a sounding name,  
By the deeds that he has done.

#### II.

Another comes from a lowly cot  
Far down the vale, in a pleasant spot,  
Where love and peace reside ;  
He has won content and peace of mind,  
For which so many souls have pin'd  
In misery and pride.

#### III.

He has conquer'd self and passions wild,  
And vice that innocence beguil'd ;  
Has sinn'd and been forgiv'n ;  
Has won the prize 'mid shining bands,  
A mansion fashion'd not with hands,  
All glorious in Heav'n.

## IV.

Now choose this day which ye will serve,  
 Oh ! choose aright, and do not swerve,  
 Nor give the battle o'er.  
 " Oh ! Spirit, I have made my choice !"  
 Mortal, 'tis well—rejoice, rejoice,  
 Henceforth forever more.

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## THE HUMAN HEART.

But thou, nor they shall search the thoughts that roll  
 Deep in the dark recesses of my soul.—HOMER.

Heav'n's Sovereign saves all beings but himself,  
 That hideous sight, a naked human heart.—YOUNG.

## I.

THE heart, the heart, the human heart,  
 How would we horror-stricken start,  
 Its cells thrown open, could we see  
 The windings of iniquity ;  
 The latent sins, the secret cares,  
 Engrav'd in burning characters ;  
 And misery's envenom'd sting,  
 The life-streams slowly poisoning.

## II.

Oh ! could we see unmask'd by art,  
 The dark recesses of the heart—  
 The springs of guilt, the anguish keen,  
 Behind each smooth, art-woven screen,  
 The passions, appetites that hide  
 Behind the veil of shame and pride—



What fearful deeds of crime would leap  
From out the heart-cells, dark and deep.

## III.

The eyes may seeming love impart,  
While hatred rankles in the heart ;  
The tongue may seeming truth make known,  
While falsehood makes the heart his throne ;  
The lips may wear an Angel's smile,  
While in the heart Satanic guile ;  
And every feature may betoken  
Joy, though the fount has long been broken.

## IV.

If what we daily hear and see,  
Of outrage, wrong, hypocrisy,  
Sicken our hearts—Oh ! how much more  
Would we the pow'r of sin deplore,  
Could we in every heart see all  
The consequences of "the fall."  
Oh ! God of Love ! thy grace impart  
And cleanse and purify my heart.

~~~~~

THE LITTLE WHITE COT.

—

[The complete happiness of man depends on his having one fixed habitation—one wedded partner for life—one Omnipotent God to worship.—J. Q. ADAMS.]

—

My evening retreat for enjoyment and rest,
My "fix'd habitation," and home in the West,
Is the little white cot near the old Indian Mound,
By the orchard and grove, with the Prairie around.

In the vine-shaded door stands the joy of my life,
 My boy and his mother—my own gentle wife ;
 They are looking for me, and are waiting the while,
 To welcome me home with a kiss and a smile.

In the cottage, the grove, on the Prairie, the Mound,
 One benevolent Spirit is breathing around—
 I am grateful and happy—I ask nothing more,
 While I have one “ Omnipotent God ” to adore.



THE PRISONER.

My soul is sick, I pine to see
 My cottage-home, and liberty.
 Without, the gentle breezes blow,
 And ever-murmuring waters flow,
 And pleasant fields, and groves and bow'rs,
 The sun, the sky, the fragrant flow'rs
 Shed joy around, but not to me—
 These, these are only for the free.
 Within the iron grasp of pow'r,
 'Tis mine to suffer hour by hour ;
 The long, long day—the sleepless night,
 Shut up from all that can delight ;
 The powers of body and of mind
 All languid, wasting and confin'd.
 These, these are wearing life away,
 While hope deferr'd from day to day,
 On my impatient spirit bears
 More heavy than a thousand cares.
 My soul is sick; I pine to see
 My cottage-home, and liberty.

OCEAN.

I.

I LOVE to look from the light-house tow'rs
On the waves, in their wild commotion,
'Till the scene grows dark, as the night-cloud low'rs
On some far-off isle of the Ocean.

When the tempest moves in majestic might
O'er the sea, and the waves rise tow'ring,
In fancy I see some Demon of Night,
On a hill of storms darkly low'ring.

II.

I love to stand on the sandy shore,
When the howling winds are dying,
And list to the Ocean's less'ning roar,
And the scream of sea-birds flying.
When all is hush'd—when the moonbeams bright,
On hill-top and tow'r are streaming,
In fancy I see some Spirit of Light,
On a throne of stars brightly beaming.

NIAGARA.

I.

I STOOD where waters dark and wild
Rush'd fearfully along,
A deep-ton'd anthem pealing forth—
An everlasting song.
Upbursting thro' the mist and spray,
And foam around Niagara.

II.

Dark lower'd the spirit of the storm,

Thro' mists and shadows dim ;
 Bright smil'd young Hope, thro' glist'ning tears,
 Thron'd on a rainbow's rim,
 Above where storm-fiends bivouac'd
 In clouds, high o'er the cataract.

III.

Ages have roll'd away, with all
 Their deeds of guilt and crime ;
 Nations have vanish'd from the earth,
 Swept by the wing of Time—
 Yet there the waters ceaseless pour,
 With solemn, deep, perpetual roar.

IV.

Empires and kings shall rise and fall,
 Volcanoes, earthquakes rage,
 And countless tragedies shall pass
 On life's eventful stage,
 While thou shalt roll unchang'd, majestic, lone—
 Nor cease thy roar but with the last trump's thunder tone.

~~~~~

OH! I AM WEARY.

OH ! I am weary—life's a blank—swift rolling years pass by—  
 Before me yawns the measureless profound of Eternity.  
 I am as one in prison-vaults, who hears the cheerful sing,  
 And starving, sees thro' rusted bars the gay, free, banqueting ;  
 Who when devour'd by burning thirst, sees gushing fountains  
 play,  
 And feels upon his wasted limbs the sprinkling of their spray ;  
 Who madd'ning sees their waters pure, all sparkling rise and fall,

Yet cannot reach their cooling brims, chain'd to a dungeon wall.  
 I've seen the many-color'd bow from faintest tints increase,  
 'Till bright and beautiful it shone, a harbinger of peace.  
 Therefore I hope, in after times, that brighter days will shine,  
 When I can rest with some lov'd friend, beneath my own green  
 vine.

Oh ! may I conquer, tho' my path o'er passion's stormy ridge,  
 Be dreadful as Thermopylæ, or the pass of Lodi's bridge ;  
 And in the vale of calm content, beneath serener skies,  
 May Peace, and Health, and Competence yield me their priceless  
 prize.

---

#### BE GRATEFUL.

BE grateful for what Heav'n bestows, of light, and life, and love,  
 For the beauty every where around, and the glorious skies above ;  
 Be grateful for the thrilling joy in every pleasant sound—  
 For the burning eloquence of words, and the music all around ;  
 Be grateful for the happiness the sweet affections bring—  
 For countless blessings every hour, and for hope in every thing ;  
 Be grateful for the wealth of mind that God has giv'n to thee—  
 Be grateful for the priceless gift of IMMORTALITY.

---

#### THE MAN OF YEARS.

I SAW a white-hair'd man of years  
 Pass slowly down the vale of tears ;  
 He seem'd from earthly things estrang'd,  
 Like one whose heart had long been chang'd  
 By grace divine :—the swallowing grave  
 Before him yawn'd, and none to save ;  
 Yet all resign'd he seem'd to be,

Grim death approaching cheerfully :  
 But ere he pass'd Time's boundary wall,  
 He sent a warning voice to all :—  
 "Trust not the world, its highest bliss  
 Leads but to care and wretchedness ;  
 True happiness from Heaven springs,  
 Of which we have but shadowings ;  
 Trust only in the Holy One,  
 And trusting say, ' thy will be done ;'  
 Give God the heart, and watch and pray"—  
 So spake the man of years, and slowly pass'd away.

---

#### THE HAPPY MAN.

---

Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,  
 Lie in three words—Health, Peace, and Competence.—POPE.

The good can never be unfortunate.—GRAINGER.

---

PEACE, Health and Competence together join'd  
 Form the bright wreath of earthly happiness.  
 The man that would be happy should possess  
 A conscience pure and void of all reproach :  
 And murmuring regret for past misdeeds,  
 And glaring misdemeanors 'gainst the laws  
 Of God or man—domestic ease and bliss,  
 Books and retirement, near the beautiful,  
 Sublime and picturesque of Nature's works—  
 A few choice friends with whom to pass the hours  
 Of innocent amusement, union sweet,  
 And love throughout existing—towards all,  
 Good will and charity—with all at peace.



He should be temperate in exercise,  
In labor, eating, drinking, study, sleep,  
Amusements, pleasures, passions, everything—  
Prudence observe and regularity—  
A medium, avoiding all extremes.  
He should be diligent, industrious,  
And economical—his wishes bring  
Within his income—his convenience, health.  
And comfort, should be ever paramount  
To fashion, pride, parade, or vanity ;  
And owing none, should independent live ;  
But not without employment—which should be  
With health consistent, useful, and his choice.

Alternate labor and amusement, books,  
The cheerful converse of familiar friends,  
The exercises of devotion, love,  
Affection, friendship, holy charity,  
Most cheerfully should occupy his time.  
He should be greatly useful to mankind,  
According to his means—his study man ;  
How to promote man's happiness his aim.

Should Heav'n deny him health or competence,  
Or aught of comfort ; should misfortunes dire  
Beset him 'round with their attending ills ;  
Enduring patience, resignation meek,  
And ever-smiling hope, should e'er prevent  
Vain murmuring, repining, or despair.  
On all occasions he should strive to be  
Cheerful, content, and with sincerity  
To humbly bow and say, " thy will be done."

## THE MAN OF CHARITY.

It is not he who only gives  
To gain a sounding name,  
That men may call him liberal,  
And loud the gift proclaim.  
'Tis he who gives in secrecy,  
Nor wants the deed recorded ;  
Who by the action thinks himself  
Sufficiently rewarded.

It is not he who when he gives  
A pittance from his gain,  
Accompanies the scanty gift,  
With taunts and cold disdain.  
'Tis he who freely, nobly gives,  
According to his portion ;  
'Tis he who feelingly relieves,  
Disdaining base extortion.

Nor he who simply speaketh well  
Of some vain brother, weak,  
Conveys more slander in a smile  
Of doubt, than words can speak.  
But he who by the golden rule  
Of Christ, his neighbor judges,  
Who never to a man of worth  
His well-earn'd merit grudges.

---

## CHARACTERISTICS.

To such I render more than mere respect,  
Whose actions show that they respect themselves.—COWPER.

I dare do all that may become a man ;  
Who dares do more, is none.—SHAKSPEARE.

THE man who dares not justly upright walk,  
For fear of ridicule or “ people’s talk,”  
Who spends his time and money, wastes his health,  
For popularity, or seeming wealth,  
Respects the world.

The man who never is ashamed to see,  
At proper times, his chosen company,  
Who scorns base slander, low deceit and pride,  
Who never does a sacred thing deride,  
Respects himself.

The man who scorns to do a little thing  
To please a courtier, or to serve a king—  
Who will not sanction wrong or vice, because  
It may be privileg’d by human laws,  
Is Great.

The man who is at all times worthy trust,  
And ever prudent, temperate and just,  
Who holds his worth and dignity too high  
To flatter, fear the great, or tell a lie,  
Is Noble.

But he who does an enemy reclaim  
From vice to virtue, and an honest fame,  
And who when injur’d, will forgive, and plead  
For healing mercy on the evil deed,  
Is God-like.

## A GOOD WIFE.

ABOVE all suspicion,  
 Enough erudition,  
 A sweet disposition,  
                     On Charity bent.  
 In virtue bright-shining,  
 Her own sex refining,  
 At nothing repining,  
                     But cheerful, content.

All slander despising,  
 Above envy rising,  
 Sincerity prizing,  
                     Above low deceit.  
 Possessing humanity,  
 Sense and urbanity,  
 Wit without vanity,  
                     Modest, discreet.

---

 A THOUSAND MILES FROM HOME.

—  
 [Written on the Ohio.]  
 —

A THOUSAND miles from home and all its charms ;  
 And each dark-heaving wave that rolls beneath  
 Increases still the distance while I write.  
 Strange faces are around me—no kind voice  
 Of friendship, with its sweet familiar tones  
 To greet my ear—a thousand miles from home !  
 And days, and weeks, and months must tedious roll,  
 Ere I can meet the lov'd ones of my heart.

Oft in imagination, I can see  
 The dear, familiar faces of my friends,  
 'Round the domestic hearth—and there is one  
 I often see in dreams, her now I see  
 In fancy, seated in her wonted place,  
 A little cherub smiling in her arms.  
 Oh God! may Guardian Angels watch o'er them,  
 And in my absence shield from every ill—  
 And oh! around my distant home, extend  
 Thy all-protecting arm, and bless my friends—  
 And if decreed we meet no more on earth,  
 May each so live that all shall meet in Heav'n.

---

MUSINGS IN MY EASY-CHAIR.

TO MY FRIENDS IN THE EAST.

I.

When the moon in her glory is rolling on high,  
 And the stars are like bright golden lamps in the sky,  
 By the door of my cot, in the cool evening air,  
 I muse on the past in my easy arm-chair:  
 Then far through the shadows of memory gleam  
 The bright scenes of childhood, like some pleasant dream—  
 The school-house, the play-ground, the cottage, the wood,  
 The garden, the old-fashion'd dial that stood  
 On the moss cover'd "well curb" in fancy I see;  
 And the lilac-bush, poplars, and lone apple-tree,—  
 The same tinkling bell in the wood-path I hear,  
 And low, lute-like voices fall sweet on my ear,  
 And faces familiar, of lov'd ones, and true,  
 All vivid and life-like rise up to my view.


Then in fancy my wanderings past, I retrace  
From the home of my childhood—the devious chase  
After shadows thro' error, and folly, and care—  
Disappointment attending my steps every where.  
O'er the ocean of memory, looking far back,  
I can see some bright island, or luminous track,  
Long pass'd, and with pleasure review every scene,  
Though storm-clouds, and breakers, and wrecks intervene.

## II.

While rambling in fancy, an hour to beguile,  
I oft at "Mechanicville" linger awhile  
'Round my old village-home, where the bright happy hours  
I have pass'd, are remember'd as beautiful flow'rs.  
The steps are ascended—I'm in the old hall,  
And William, and Charlotte, and Mary, and all  
Are around me. The greeting and welcoming o'er  
We are seated and happy together once more,  
And time flies unnoted, till weary with talk,  
I accept cousin Mary's proposal to walk.  
'Tis a bright Sabbath morning, and echoing 'round  
I hear the old church-bell's deep lingering sound ;  
And Sabbath-School children, with books in their hands,  
Are homeward returning in bright little bands.  
Slow-moving, and quiet, the villagers go  
To the different "meetings" for worship or show.  
The rumbling of cars on the rail-road I hear ;  
From a distant canal-boat the bugle sounds clear ;  
The river, the ferry, the island I see,  
And even the saw-mill looks pleasant to me.  
The factory, school-house, and church seem the same ;  
The creek, the two bridges, each place and each name,  
In that far little village, is fresh in my mind,



With many a pleasing remembrance combin'd.  
Little Louis' kiss, and "Good night, Pa," at last  
Dissolves the enrapturing dream of the past !  
Again in my cottage where dearer friends are,  
Discoursing of you 'round my easy arm-chair.



#### MY CHILDHOOD'S HOME—MY EARLY FRIENDS.

My childhood's home ! my early friends !  
Though far, shall ever be  
Remember'd as the brightest flow'rs,  
And gems of memory.  
The pleasant scenes of by-gone days,  
When life was bright and new,  
Imagination oft presents,  
In mellow'd light to view :  
Then dim old woods, and silver streams,  
And hills afar I see ;  
And long-forgotten tones awake  
Of low, sweet melody ;  
And old familiar forms arise ;  
The buried past appears,  
With all the pleasing lights and shades,  
From far, of other years.  
The well-remember'd scenes of youth  
Again I wander o'er  
In all the gaiety of hope,  
With early friends once more.  
'Tis but a dream !—It matters not  
Whether my bones shall rest

Beneath the waves, or whiten on  
 Some prairie of "the West ;"  
 My village home, my absent friends,  
 Tho' far, till death shall be  
 Remember'd as the brightest flow'rs,  
 And gems of memory.

---

#### THE RAINY SUNDAY.

A RAINY Sunday ! dull, dark hours,  
 With lingering delay,  
 Move heavily on leaden wings,  
 The long and gloomy day.

The measur'd ticking of the clock,  
 The wind's deep solemn moan,  
 The pattering of the cold, cold rain,  
 Wake feelings sad and lone.

If to beguile the tedious hours,  
 I contemplate the past,  
 Errors are only brought to view,  
 Or scenes too bright to last.

Thus memory portrays the past,  
 All darken'd by regret,  
 The present is all clouds and gloom,  
 But hope is left me yet.

And is this all ? No ! I have got  
 A gentle, loving wife—  
 A noble boy—a happy home—  
 And all the charms of life.

Then let it rain—there shall not rest  
 A shadow on my brow ;  
 For I am with my lov'd ones home,  
 And I am happy now.



A DOMESTIC EVENING SCENE.

My wife was reading the daily news,  
 While I was making rhyme ;  
 My boy was turning the pictur'd leaves  
 Of a book, to pass the time.

My mother was reading an eastern print  
 With spectacles on nose ;  
 And my brother was in the rocking-chair,  
 Taking an evening doze.

The tea-kettle was singing on  
 The stove its song of yore—  
 And the cricket chirping on the hearth,  
 To the sleeper's heavy snore.

And I thought how grateful I ought to be  
 For the blessings I enjoy ;  
 In my quiet little cottage-home,  
 With my wife and darling boy.



THE RESOLVE.

RESOLV'D henceforth a war to wage, against the " sons of strife,"  
 The moral evils that oppose, the happiness of life ;  
 Like bandits they beset my path, and with malignant pow'r,

They watch to rob me of my peace, each dark unguarded hour.  
 The Appetites to win, employ all sweet seductive smiles,  
 The Passions urge me various ways, by various arts and wiles,  
 And when at some weak point or hour, a victory they win,  
 They send Remorse to taunt me with my weakness and my sin.  
 My spirit, tho' unconquer'd, still is not completely free;  
 The star of Hope, tho' dim, still shines a cheering light to me.  
 Come every virtue to my aid, obey my spirit's call,  
 And guard the Empire of my Mind, it shall not yield nor fall.

~~~~~

TRUE HAPPINESS.

WE have nothing to do but be happy—Oh! why
 Will our spirits true happiness every day fly?
 And eagerly seek for it where it is not,
 Since it only can centre in one little spot,
 The MIND—which we make either Heaven or Hell,
 As we do good or evil, or live ill or well.
 We have nothing to do but be happy therefore,
 And “grow better and wiser,” and hope evermore.

~~~~~

THE TEMPERANCE REFORM OF 1842.

WAR, famine, pestilence and crime  
 Sweep darkly down the tide of time,  
 And fearful scenes of flood and fire,  
 Earthquake and storm, disasters dire,  
 In all their varied forms appear,  
 Dark shadows of the by-gone year.  
 Full many a heart lies cold and low,  
 Where the shining corals of ocean grow,

And water-lilies rise and fall  
 On Erie's waves, a funeral pall—  
 Above where lov'd ones calmly sleep,  
 On the cold dark floor of the stormy deep ;  
 And Mississippi's swallowing waves  
 Roll darkly over wrecks and graves ;  
 Amid the gloom, one picture bright  
 Will ever shed a glorious light,  
     Far streaming 'round the land :  
 'Tis where benevolence of late,  
 Has rais'd the lost inebriate,  
 From out his low degraded state,  
     Free and erect to stand—  
 Has rais'd the buried hopes of years,  
 And smil'd away sweet woman's tears,  
 And freed the long-imprison'd mind,  
 In thick-ribb'd adamant confin'd,  
     And roll'd away the gloom  
 From many a cottage-hearth and door,  
 And where a desert was before,  
     Has made an Eden bloom.

---

TO MY WIFE,

On presenting her a copy of the Female Poets of America.

---

DEAR Wife, accept from me this trifling token,  
 Of lasting love, and deep, abiding trust,  
 That shall endure eternally unbroken,  
 Though the frail tenement return to dust.

Content with "Heav'n's best gift," in thee possessing,  
 There's no attraction from thy side to roam ;  
 For thou hast been long years the light and blessing,  
 That made for me a cheerful, happy home.

Should health and competence be both bereft me,  
 And life's worst ills my spirit should oppress,  
 Dearest, with thee, if thou wert only left me,  
 I could not—could not be all comfortless.

What though our spirits here on earth must sever,  
 The tie be broken and the union cease,  
 We soon shall meet again, and be forever  
 United in the Spirit-world of peace.

---

TO MY BOY.

---

The beautiful Oriental superstition, that each one has a picture in Paradise that grows bright or dark, as virtue or vice prevails over the mind, suggested the following lines.

---

IN the azure pavilions and halls of the blest,  
 Is a picture for each one below ;  
 From Vice come the dark-rolling shadows that dim,  
 From Virtue the radiant glow.

Reflected from scenes in the drama of life,  
 And chang'd by a thought or a breath,  
 Interchanging and blending the various hues,  
 Till the picture is finish'd by death.

The watchers on high—the bright Angels of God  
 Can thus all your actions discover.



Though dark be the picture, one penitent tear  
Can brighten the darkest all over.

Then wisely when prompted to action decide  
Whether govern'd by virtue and love,  
If brighter or darker your picture shall be,  
In the hall's of the Angels above.

---

NINE YEARS AGO.\*

I.

NINE years ago at early morn  
I left the wild-wood cot,  
Of by-gone happy days to *fix*  
A certain curious knot ;  
I've never wish'd that knot untied,  
Nor loos'd the double bow,  
That link'd two happy willing hearts—  
Nine years ago.

II.

I stood beside the form of one,  
My heart's first choice for life,  
Our hands were join'd—our vows were made,  
She was my wedded wife ;  
The reverend Priest—the friendly guests,  
All seated in a row,  
I see in fancy as they look'd  
Nine years ago.

---

\*Written on the ninth anniversary of my marriage, September 19th, 1845.

## III.

The bridal party, and the ride,  
    Shall never be forgot,  
Nor uncle Billy's pleasant face,  
    Nor lively, dear aunt Lotte ;  
Then naught occur'd to mar delight,  
    Or check the spirit's flow,  
I was a happy married man,  
                    Nine years ago.

## IV.

I little thought of rambling then,  
    To find a place of rest,  
Or that my future home would be  
    A cottage in "the West ;"  
Now friends are far, and scatter'd wide,  
    Or in the grave are low,  
Who smiling wish'd me health and joy,  
                    Nine years ago.

## V.

Tho' I have pass'd thro' many scenes  
    Of ever-changing life,  
My chief delight I find at home,  
    With my own gentle wife ;  
I have enough of worldly goods,  
    And something to bestow,  
Nor once regret the choice I made  
                    Nine years ago.

## BY-GONE DAYS.

—  
TO SAMUEL M'CLEARY, ESQ.  
—

## I.

DEAR SAM, though far from early scenes,  
And all their heart-felt joys—  
Though thirty years have roll'd away  
Since you and I were boys—  
Yet often in my western home,  
Beside a cheerful blaze,  
In fancy I am with the friends  
Of by-gone days.

## II.

The shadows of departed years  
Come back at memory's call,  
As silently and sweetly as  
The dews of evening fall—  
As throng the pleasing images  
That memory displays,  
Enraptur'd, I behold the scenes  
Of by-gone days.

## III.

Again I see my early home,  
I hear familiar names,  
And you and I are boys again,  
And play the same old games ;  
Or in the grassy lane to school,  
With lingering delays,  
Beguile the long bright summer morn  
Of by-gone days.

## IV.

And when in after years we met,  
Our visionary schemes,  
And fond anticipations, all  
Appear as pleasant dreams.  
Thus oft at eve to far-off scenes,  
Imagination strays,  
Where we have been together, Sam,  
In by-gone days.

## V.

In visions of the past, I trace  
The forms of cherish'd things,  
And though all bright and beautiful,  
They are but shadowings  
Of long-departed hopes and joys,  
That fancy oft portrays  
In all the rainbow colorings,  
Of by-gone days.

## VI.

Though prairies wide divide us, Sam,  
And many a sweet wild scene—  
Though cities gleam, and mountains rise,  
And rivers roll between—  
Between us, though on countless hills,  
The early sun-light plays,  
Yet we can think, and talk and write  
Of by-gone days.

## SPRING.

## I.

THE Spring, the Spring, the gay laughing Spring,  
All fragrant, and bright, and enlivening,  
Has come and thrown over the late dull scene,  
A beautiful mantle of living green.  
The gay humming-bird, and the wild honey-bee,  
In blossoming orchards are reveling free ;  
And flocks and herds are wandering o'er  
The fresh green pastures and hills once more.  
Like beauty in tears are the budding flow'rs,  
Drooping and wet from the April show'rs ;  
And melody sweet as we hear in dreams,  
On the breezes wander, from birds and streams ;  
And glad wild voices are echoing 'round,  
From hill-side and valley, and forest-ground.

## II.

The voices of Spring !—the voices of Spring !  
So thrilling and sweet and enrapturing,  
Recall in bright order the golden wing'd hours,  
Of childhood, as gay and as transient as flow'rs ;  
And visions of beauty and gladness arise,  
Of far-away scenes under bright sunny skies.  
Though Spring smiles around me, let others rejoice  
In the melody flowing from some gentle voice.  
One smile is still wanting—one voice ever dear,  
No longer at morning and evening I hear.  
One link in the family circle—one tone  
Is gone from our midst—I am cheerless and lone.  
Though Spring smiles around me, I cannot rejoice,  
'Till I listen again to the absent one's voice.

## IMMORTALITY.

## I.

OH! say not that mind is a dim transient beam,  
And the soul's Immortality only a dream.  
Oh! why was creation, if no purpose high,  
Was intended for man, but to suffer and die?  
And why was implanted the knowledge sublime,  
Of infinite space, and perpetual time?  
Why gifted with reason a few fleeting hours.  
And with restless, unsatisfied, far-reaching pow'rs,  
And high aspirations, which earth cannot hold,  
And less than eternity cannot unfold;  
If the soul with a glance at creation, must sever  
From all that is dear, and be nothing forever?

## II.

The holy and all-seeing spirit of love,  
Is forever around us, below and above—  
Confiding henceforth in that spirit to bless,  
With wisdom and knowledge and pure happiness—  
I will trusting go forth, even down to the grave,  
For the spirit of love is almighty to save—  
Believing that somewhere in infinite space,  
I shall find an eternal and bright resting-place,  
Where the union with lov'd ones is perfect and free,  
And where nothing shall part my Louisa and me,  
Where bliss never dies and where death can come never,  
And the spirit of love reigns forever and ever.



## NEVER DESPAIR.

—  
 “Spero meliora.” “Nil Desperandum.”  
 —

WHEN ruin hangs grim o'er our passion-toss'd bark,  
 And the future approaches all cheerless and dark—  
 And the past is o'ershadow'd by errors and crimes,  
 Resolve still to conquer, and “hope better times.”

When vices allure us and evils assail,  
 And good resolutions repeatedly fail ;  
 Resolve still to conquer, and nobly declare  
 Independence of spirit, and “never despair.”

We are acting our parts in the scenes of a play,  
 Between two eternities passing away,  
 And the golden-wing'd moments fast fleeting shall tell,  
 Down the vista of time, if our acting is well.

Let the Past be forgotten—the Future unfear'd—  
 The Present improv'd, and our spirits be cheer'd  
 By Hope, journey onward, and spite of the Past,  
 We shall “conquer our fate,” and be happy at last.

~~~~~  
 MERRY CHRISTMAS.

—
 TO MY FRIENDS IN THE EAST.
 —

I.

“MERRY CHRISTMAS !” let the sound
 Pass from house to house around,
 'Till it reaches every feast,

Where a friend is, in "the East ;"
Spreading thence to every place,
Where is seen a merry face,
Where together friends have met,
And where lovers linger yet ;
Laughing joy and friendly greetings,
Little Christmas merry meetings,
Banish for a time dull care,
"Merry Christmas" every where.

II.

Oft in fancy I can see
Some remember'd family,
Seated 'round the cheerful blaze,
In parlor kept for holidays.
Thus when visiting "the Springs,"
In my wild imaginings,
I am with old friends once more,
Talking, laughing, singing o'er
Songs of other days, when care
Lightly on my heart did bear,
'Till from sober truth, a beam
Melts away the pleasing dream.

III.

Oh ! how happy I should be
In the midst of friends and glee,
With you Christmas day to dine,
With you as in "auld lang syne."
Though we never more may meet,
Though I cannot have a seat
With you, as in days gone by
Think my spirit still is nigh ;

Think that I am talking still,
 With you in "Mechanicville;"
 Then upon your ears shall fall,
 "Merry Christmas" to you all.

WRITTEN FOR CHRISTMAS, 1843.

~~~~~

HAPPY NEW YEAR.

—  
 TO THE SAME.

—  
 I.

"HAPPY NEW YEAR!"—let the sound  
 Pass the wide, wide earth around;  
 And let joy roam far and free,  
 Hand in hand with Charity.  
 Far from early scenes, I send  
 Health to every absent friend;  
 In imagination stray  
 Through a village far away—  
 There my home of other years,  
 As I left it last appears,  
 With the old familiar hall,  
 Friends, domestic hearth and all.

II.

"Happy New Year!"—let the sound,  
 Pass the wide, wide earth around;  
 And a heart-felt pleasure bring,  
 With each New Year offering.  
 Where a welcome feast for all,  
 Waits the New Year morning call—

Where the sparkling wine is pour'd,  
 'Round the hospitable board—  
 Where long-parted friends unite,  
 'Round the hearth-fire, blazing bright—  
 There, let no dark-ruling sway,  
 Mar the New Year holiday.

### III.

“Happy New Year!”—let the sound,  
 Pass the wide, wide earth around,  
 Far as language can convey  
 Joy, or “Happy New Year” say—  
 Greeting in far distant lands,  
 Happy homes and household bands,  
 Let the merry sound beguile  
 Care and misery awhile,  
 And like early flow'rs of Spring,  
 Pleasing recollections bring.  
 Peace a guest on earth remain,  
 Universal gladness reign.

WRITTEN FOR JANUARY 1st, 1845.

---

### HOPE.

Hope springs eternal in the human breast,  
 Man never is, but always to be blest.—POPE.

Hope, of all passions, most befriends us here.—YOUNG.

---

### I.

HOPE, bright Enchantress of the restless wing,  
 The ever-smiling and all-promising ;  
 Thy lamp, the ignis fatuus of life,

Pursued in doubt and fear, thro' toil and strife,  
 Star-like, far streaming over life's dark sea,  
 Alluring on, and on, perpetually ;  
 Has shone in every place where man has trod,  
 Toil'd, suffer'd, bled or died, or bow'd the knee to God.

## II.

Hope lights the path of much-expecting youth,  
 And all seem innocence and open truth ;  
 It promises in some more favor'd state,  
 To make him blest—the Rich ! the Wise ! the Great !  
 The future looks as purely, sweetly bright,  
 As the mild moonbeams of a cloudless night ;  
 But disappointment comes, all dark and chill,  
 He struggles on through life, and hope attends him still.

## III.

It cheers the rich man on his couch of pain,  
 And sweetly whispers he shall rise again ;  
 Again shall rove the fields in smiling Spring,  
 When skies look bright, and flow'rs are blossoming ;  
 Again shall wander in the grassy vale,  
 Again shall meet the morning's healthful gale ;  
 And every prospect, every place shall see,  
 Where he in glowing health, oft wander'd thoughtlessly.

## IV.

Soul-cheering Hope ! the christian turns to thee  
 In every trial of adversity,  
 And sees far-off, amid the black'ning storm,  
 His soul's Palladium, the Savior's form.  
 Devoid of fear, he waits the life to come,  
 In persecution, or in martyrdom—  
 Trusting alone in God.—Hope lights his way  
 Thro' death's dim, shadowy vale, to everlasting day.

## V.

The patriotic Statesman, in the hour  
 When foes invade, or rebel factions low'r,  
 Inspir'd by Hope, rolls back corruption's tide,  
 And combats envy, ignorance and pride.  
 He counteracts the plans of dark intrigue—  
 The midnight council, and the traitorous league,  
 Fearless stands forth in Liberty's defence,  
 With thy throne-shaking pow'r, all-conquering Eloquence.

## VI.

The weary soldier at the close of day,  
 Thinks of his little ones, far, far away ;  
 Long cherish'd memories before him bring  
 His childhood's home ; the willow-shaded spring,  
 The branching elms, the small white cot he sees,  
 And the blue smoke slow-curling thro' the trees.  
 And then Hope whispers, when the war shall cease,  
 He safely shall return, and end his days in peace.

## VII.

Whether the sailor climbs the lofty mast,  
 That reels and trembles in the fearful blast—  
 Or treads at midnight lone the cheerless deck,  
 Or struggling, clings to the wild floating wreck,  
 Or in his hammock, list'ning ocean's roar,  
 Or thrown on some inhospitable shore—  
 Still float before him the remember'd forms  
 Of his far-distant home—Hope cheers the child of storms.

## VIII.

It cheers the traveler o'er burning sands,  
 Thro' gloomy forests, or in far-off lands ;



Where, wand'ring high o'er Alpine wastes of snow  
He hears the thundering Avalanche below ;  
Or by the grassy lake, or winding stream,  
Or where at morn he hears the sea-bird's scream,  
Or by the Pyramids, or some lone tomb,  
Or ruin dimly seen thro' twilight's deep'ning gloom.

## IX.

Enter the cold damp cells where misery reigns,  
And listen to the heavy clank of chains ;  
At midnight hear the deep, heart-rending groan,  
The fitful night-wind's melancholy moan,  
And see the wasted form, the dim eye see  
Of some pale victim of fell tyranny ;  
A pray'r ascends on high, ev'n Hope is there,  
Lighting the dungeon's gloom in spite of grim despair.

## X.

Hope cheers the widow and the orphan pale,  
All trembling in misfortune's piercing gale ;  
Sustains the humble mendicant and slave,  
Thro' years of misery, to the friendly grave ;  
It dries the mourner's tear, it soothes the heart,  
When forc'd from all it holds most dear to part—  
Softens affliction, lightens every care,  
And strengthens fallen man, the ills of life to bear.

## XI.

Where howling winds sweep o'er Siberian snows,  
Or where the suffocating Siroc blows,  
Or where the breath of eve in rich perfume  
Comes faint from Indian vales in flowery bloom,  
Or where at morn the streaming sun-beams play

On Chinese temples, or where bursts the day,  
 All glowing, on the far Pacific isles,  
 Amid the glittering waves, there Hope serenely smiles.

## XII.

The star of Hope enlightens every clime,  
 Intensely burning since the birth of time ;  
 And smiles and promises eternal play,  
 Like coruscations, in each dazzling ray ;  
 Dispensing happiness—dispersing gloom,  
 Bright'ning our pathway onward to the tomb,  
 Shining on every rank, in every stage,  
 From childhood's happy years, to silver-hair'd old age.

## XIII.

Sweet-smiling Hope ! long may thy light divine,  
 On fair Columbia propitious shine—  
 Long may her citizens behold thy star,  
 Unclouded by the rolling dun of war—  
 Undimm'd by discord, see thy dazzling rays,  
 United in one broad expansive blaze,  
 Far streaming 'round the land, from sea to sea,  
 On scenes of innocence and sweet tranquillity.

## LONG AGO.

## I.

AFAR, by an ancient and shadowy wood,  
 In the midst of a garden my early home stood ;  
 Nor distance, nor time can the memory blot,  
 Of that pleasant, secluded, and vine-shaded spot :  
 Perfume, with the honey-bee's murmuring sound,

Came faintly from blossoming orchards around ;  
 The sweet voice of gladness, the low sound of streams,  
 And wood-notes as wild as the music of dreams,  
 Went up like a hymn in the morning's rich glow,  
 In the freshness of spring-time and youth, long ago !  
Long ago ! long ago !
 In the freshness of spring-time and youth, long ago !

## II.

The distant bell's tinkle, the echoing sound  
 Of the home-calling horn from the hamlets around,  
 The sweet-thrilling tones of affection and love,  
 The soft plaintive notes of the cuckoo and dove—  
 The robin that sang in the poplar at morn—  
 The quail's early pipe by the blossoming thorn—  
 The echoes of morning from valley and hill,  
 Or sweet song at eve of the lone Whip-poor-will,  
 A lingering spell of enchantment would throw  
 'Round the home of my childhood and youth, long ago !  
Long ago ! long ago !
 'Round the home of my childhood and youth, long ago !

## III.

Far back, through the glimmering vista of years,  
 That home, to my wandering fancy appears  
 Like the beautiful Eden of some sunny clime,  
 An ever-green spot on the wide waste of time.  
 And visions of beauty, and gladness, and tears,  
 Come up from afar thro' the dim waste of years ;  
 I can see as the shadowy past is unroll'd,  
 The family circle, and fire-side of old ;  
 Familiar tones greet me—a voice sweet and low,

Kindly welcomes me home as in days long ago !  
                                                            Long ago ! long ago !  
Kindly welcomes me home as in days long ago !

#### IV.

Still memory pictures the far-away scene,  
The dim forest-path, and the meadows of green—  
The orchard, the garden, the rural retreat,  
With the tapering poplars, and vine-shaded seat ;  
Still sweetly the light of the morning sun shines  
On the cottage afar, by the dark-waving pines,  
And the music of birds is abroad in the air,  
And all save the lov'd ones of childhood are there ;  
They will come not at spring-time when violets blow,  
I shall meet them no more as in days long ago !  
                                                            Long ago ! long ago !  
I shall meet them no more as in days long ago !

---

#### PENCILINGS.

##### SUNRISE.

INCENSE and rosy light were pour'd  
From the golden urn of day,  
As the flash of Aurora's chariot wheels  
Had melted the night away,  
While it gilded the mountain peaks with fire,  
And gleam'd like a smile on the village spire.

##### NOON.

'Twas Noon—the peaceful flocks and herds  
In a checker'd rural scene,

Were wandering by silver streams,  
 In valleys lone and green—  
 While the spreading shade of the sombre firs,  
 Made a cool retreat for the harvesters.

## THE STORM.

The sun declin'd—a hill of clouds  
 Rose towering, edg'd with flame—  
 Swift from their dark revolving folds,  
 The lightning lances came ;  
 While Ruin grim, with shadowy form,  
 Came riding on the red-wing'd storm.

## THE RAINBOW.

It pass'd—the Bow of Peace appear'd,  
 Radiant with heavenly dyes—  
 An arch of glory in the East,  
 Bending along the skies—  
 Like a trail of melting splendors bright,  
 Left glowing after an Angel's flight.

## SUNSET.

It faded—at the close of day  
 The broad sun sunk to rest,  
 Where clouds were pencil'd in crimson bars,  
 Afar in the gorgeous West—  
 And the glow on the wall of Heav'n was bright,  
 As the golden portals to endless light.

## NIGHT.

Night darken'd 'round—the lights were hung  
 In Heav'n—star after star,  
 Like golden lamps 'round the throne of God,

In the azure vault afar—  
 While slept the Moon's sweet silvery smile,  
 On mountain, and valley, and lonely isle.

---

### THE THREE PICTURES.

#### I.

I SAW a picture—light and shade  
 Were so completely blended,  
 The eye could not distinguish where  
 The one began or ended—  
 Save where the vices left a blot,  
 Or virtues brighten'd some lone spot.

It was a picture of the past,  
 From early days of gladness,  
 The interwoven light and shade  
 Was mingled joy and sadness—  
 My checker'd life I there could see,  
 Portray'd and sketch'd by MEMORY.

#### II.

It faded and another came  
 Of more transparent brightness ;  
 The Rainbow's gorgeous coloring  
 Floated with airy lightness  
 The glorious forms and scenes around,  
 Upspringing from enchanted ground.

The ocean and the ocean isles—  
 Dim woods and hoary mountains—  
 Far-wandering streams and prairies wide—  
 Grottos and gushing fountains,



And bright conceptions, rich and rare,  
IMAGINATION pictur'd there.

### III.

It melted and another came—  
While grouping and arranging  
The magic forms—the scenes appear'd  
Continually changing,  
Yet ever-luring, new and bright,  
And ever promising delight.  
That picture many a care beguiles—  
The changes bright and endless,  
Are all-absorbing to my mind,  
When weary-worn and friendless—  
For all things good, and bright, and fair,  
The charmer HOPE had painted there.

~~~~~  
"HOPE ON, HOPE EVER."

I.

When the sunshine of gladness
Has pass'd from the soul,
And the dark clouds of sadness
Unceasingly roll—
When the Past appears only
A dim "vale of tears"—
And the Future a lonely
And wide waste of years.

II.

The Star of Hope streaming
Through tempest and night,

Is kindly left beaming
 Our pathway to light—
 Inspiring and cheering
 The lone and oppress'd,
 To the weary appearing
 A haven of rest—

III.

Whose calm light reposes
 'Mid sadness and gloom,
 On the lilies and roses,
 That bend o'er the tomb—
 Like a seraph sweet-smiling,
 'Midst blight and decay,
 Through the cold world beguiling
 Our wearisome way.

IV.

In ills all-sustaining
 To mortals below,
 And shining and reigning
 Wherever we go,
 Forsaking us never,
 Companion and friend—
 Then "Hope on, hope ever."
 And trust to the end.

DEDICATION FOR THE ALBUM OF A FAIR UNKNOWN.

—
 WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF A FRIEND.
 —

Oh! may these fair unsullied leaves,
 An emblem of thy virtue be,
 And may these pages e'er remain

Unstain'd, undimm'd by flattery,
 This Book, the shrine where friends shall bring
 Friendship's pure, heart-felt offering.

May Friendship, Love, Affection strew
 On these fair leaves bright-blooming flow'rs,
 Of lasting hue, and beauty rare,
 Transplanted from the Muses' bow'rs ;
 And may they bloom in after years,
 Unblighted by the dew of tears.

Thy name perchance will be inscrib'd
 Within, by many a friendly hand—
 Oh ! may it in the " Book of Life,"
 God's glorious Album, glittering stand ;
 With bright and shining names to be
 Eternally—eternally.

Lady, though I am all unknown,
 This offering I send to thee,
 Forgive, and sometimes when alone,
 Muse o'er these lines and think of me .
 And thro' the shadowy clouds of care,
 Send up for me one pure, warm pray'r.

~~~~~

THE CROWN, THE ROBE AND THE WREATH.

—  
 TO MISS S. T.  
 —

I.

THY Crown be virtue, burnish'd fine,  
 By charity and love divine ;  
 May innocence, that gem so rare,

All brightly glow and sparkle there ;  
Then over all, low-waving, be  
The graceful plume of Modesty.

## II.

Thy Robe, humility, all bright  
With cheerfulness and pure delight ;  
From loosely flowing to prevent,  
Bound by the girle of Content ;  
And clasp'd by Prudence to confine,  
And guard from every base design.

## III.

May faithful friendship's guardian care,  
Protect from every artful snare ;  
May holy love, untaught by art,  
Refine and captivate thy heart ;  
May friendship, love, affection be  
Entwin'd, to form a Wreath for thee.

## IV.

And may the crown, thy path-way brighten,  
And even thy whole mind enlighten ;  
The Robe, endure the waste of years ;  
Unsullied by the dew of tears ;  
The Wreath, from baneful breezes free,  
Unblighted, bloom continually.

## ALETHE.

## I.

I saw Alethe—she was young and fair,  
 A rose-bud op'ning to the balmy Spring ;  
 And as she knelt in holy, fervent pray'r,  
 Her youthful heart to God surrendering,  
 The music of her voice in murmurs low,  
 Sounded like tones of sweetest melody,  
 Half-waking heard—or like the silver flow  
 Of some lone woodland stream—she seem'd to be  
 A type of perfect beauty—Heav'nly symmetry.

## II.

Again I saw Alethe— it was where  
 Dwelt sickness, poverty, and misery deep—  
 Where prison walls enclos'd a parent dear ;  
 And like an Angel she had come to keep  
 Watch while he slept—to comfort him—to pray.  
 In innocence she came, like Mercy's dove,  
 With healing balm, to soothe his cares away !  
 Oh ! such sweet tenderness—such holy love,  
 Must be akin to that in the bright world above.

## III.

Once more I saw Alethe—at her breast  
 Hung a sweet infant, and the radiant smile  
 That revel'd 'round its lips, while calm at rest,  
 Was like the smile of Cherubs—free from guile,  
 Ethereal, bright.—Surpassing fancy's dreaming,  
 The mother shone—for fancy ne'er could paint  
 Aught so much like a guardian angel beaming  
 In full beneficence, upon a saint  
 As sweetly innocent—as free from earthly taint.

IONE.

---

I can give thee but dark revealings  
 Of passionate hopes, and wasted feelings ;  
 Of love that shall pass like a green sea wave,  
 Of a broken heart, and an early grave.—GIPSEY PROPHECY.

---

I.

SWEET peace spread thy pathway with roses all blooming,  
 Untouch'd by the canker of grief so consuming—  
 Sincerity, prudence, and wisdom direct thee,  
 And every bright virtue combine to protect thee ;  
 Ne'er may blighted hopes of contentment bereave thee,  
 Nor may aught occur to annoy or aggrieve thee ;  
 And oh ! may'st thou triumph when death comes, and even  
 Have the wings of a seraph to waft thee to Heaven.

A mother's pray'r.—She held a rosy child,

The lov'd of many, lightly on her knee,

The young Ione, innocent and mild,

Look'd up into her face most smilingly—

Bright, golden curls around her neck were twining

Her small white arms extended were, to meet

A mother's warm embrace—a tear was shining

Upon her rose-like cheek—how light and fleet

Pass off the griefs of childhood, age of joys most sweet.

II.


Twelve years had revolv'd, when I stood in a hall  
 Where the young and light-hearted held high festival ;  
 There, gather'd the lovely, the bright ones and fair,  
 And music, soft music and dancing were there.  
 The fragrance of roses was wafted far 'round  
 By the breeze that bore faintly the lute's lulling sound,  
 But among all the beauties that brighten'd that hall,  
 Ione the loveliest seem'd above all.



It was her bridal day, and she was wed  
 To a most noble youth, and fair and bright  
 Her destiny appear'd, for hope had shed  
 Before her flow'rs, upon a path of light ;  
 And all she ask'd of happiness was giv'n,  
 As love and joy around her young heart twin'd ;  
 Oh ! there is naught of earth so much like Heav'n,  
 So all-absorbing to the youthful mind  
 As that ecstatic hour, when kindred hearts are join'd.

## III.

Twelve years had revolv'd, when again in that hall  
 I stood, where the youthful had held festival ;  
 There, again met the lovely, the bright ones and fair,  
 But feasting, nor music, nor dancing was there ;  
 Nor fragrance of roses, nor chaplets of flow'rs,  
 Nor aught to beguile the dark, lingering hours,  
 There was sadness, and gloom, and a low sound of weeping,  
 For pale on her death-couch, Ione was sleeping.  
 She had known much of misery, chang'd and pale  
 She had become past all imagining :—  
 Passing one day, I heard the feeble wail  
 Of starving children, who sat shivering  
 Around the wasted brands ; 'twas dark December,  
 And moaning winds swept o'er the rugged heath ;  
 Reeling from out a tavern, I remember  
 Her husband came—with short and feeble breath  
 She pray'd for him, then sank in the cold arms of death.


 NERANTHES.
 

---

NERANTHES seem'd pure, as the bright dew that wets  
 The pale lilies, and spangles the sweet violets—

As pure as the priceless unsullied gem,  
All sparkling 'mid pearls on some queen's diadem.

As pure as the pale trembling star of the morning,  
Or thrice refin'd gold, beauty's bosom adorning ;  
As pure as a snow-drop, or wreath of white roses,  
On which the soft, beautiful moonlight reposes.



LINES WRITTEN FOR A SUNDAY-SCHOOL CELEBRATION,

For the 4th of July, 1845, and spoken by a little Girl.

WE meet to celebrate the day,  
"The birth-day of the free"—  
Here, let our offerings be made  
To God and Liberty.

A heart that thrills with joy and love,  
Is all I have to bring ;  
This little trembling heart shall be  
To-day, my offering.

I look around on happy groups,  
And smiling faces see,  
Of little children like myself,  
Come to rejoice with me.

Then let us sing, and let us march,  
And celebrate the day—  
In union sweet go hand in hand,  
"Rejoicing on our way."

Oh ! haste the time when Sunday Schools  
And Liberty shall be  
A light and joy to every home,  
And every child like me.

And may the bands united here,  
 In harmony and love,  
 Part only to be link'd again,  
 In one bright band above.

---

A NEW YEAR'S HYMN.

---

Sung at the Methodist Episcopal Church, Mechaineville, N. Y., Jan. 1st, 1838.

---

TIME ceaseless rolls ! Again I hear  
 The knell of a departed year ;  
 The buried Past ! lost in the sea  
 Of measureless Eternity.

And with the year have pass'd away  
 The young, the beautiful, the gay ;—  
 And oh ! how many lov'd ones dear,  
 Have vanish'd with the by-gone year.

How many gifted ones, that shed  
 A light around, are with the dead ?  
 And the once warm and beaming brow  
 Cold in the dust is black'ning now.

The buried Past ! what hopes and fears  
 Have mantled o'er that waste of years ;—  
 Futurity ! what hopes shall be  
 Born into life and crush'd in thee.

Time onward rolls ! the monster Death,  
 Each moment stops a mortal's breath ;  
 Thousands are dying while we sing,  
 And countless souls from earth take wing.

Now is th' accepted time—to-day—  
 Oh ! may we constant watch and pray ;  
 With humble hearts, and hearts sincere,  
 And thus secure a HAPPY YEAR.

---

TO THE LADIES OF THE THIRD PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

[The following lines were sent, with a small donation, to the State Tobacco Warehouse, in St. Louis, Mo., on the occasion of a Supper at that place, for the benefit of the Third Presbyterian Church, on Christmas Evening, 1844.]

Heart-felt pleasure and delight,  
 And a merry Christmas night ;  
 These, with other wishes kinder,  
 Are intended for the finder.

Thanks to the Ladies—may success  
 Beyond anticipation, bless  
 Their efforts—may the “ Third Church ” be  
 Completed through their agency ;  
 A station high and bright to fill,  
 A shining light on Zion's hill,  
 Far-streaming o'er benighted lands,  
 On savage hordes and heathen bands,  
 With steady, pure, undying ray,  
 Turning the *night* of mind to *day*.

Give my respects to Mr. FIELD\*—  
 Long may his labors with us, yield  
 A blessing—may his sacred charge,  
 And sphere of usefulness enlarge ;

---

\*The Pastor.

And may the "Third Church" flourish fair,  
And spread and prosper in his care.

Excuse me to the Ladies, pray—  
The author cannot go away,  
Without their pardon, full and free,  
A Lady's smile, and cup of tea.

---

TO LOUISA.

MAY Faith, with Hope and Charity unite,  
To form a wreath for thee, unfading, bright ;  
May Innocence, sweet Modesty and Grace,  
A veil of beauty weave, to shade thy face ;  
May Friendship, Love, Affection each enshrine  
A heart for thee, that shall be ever thine ;  
May Prudence, Wisdom, every Virtue be  
A guardian Angel, watching over thee.  
Long may'st thou live respected—lov'd, and grace  
Refine, and ornament the female race.  
Thro' this vain world may Peace thy steps attend,  
Enjoying Health, Contentment, and——A FRIEND.

---

I THINK OF THEE.

—  
TO THE SAME.  
—

I THINK of thee at morn's first ray,  
And thro' the lone and weary day ;  
And when the dew of Heav'n reposes  
At night, on violets and roses.

I think of thee.—And oft it seems  
That thou art present in my dreams—  
Imagination then will bring  
Thy form, thy smile, thy welcoming.

I think of thee as one for whom  
I live, whatever be my doom ;  
As one to whom my heart is giv'n,  
My chosen in the sight of Heav'n.

I think of thee, Louisa, now,  
In fancy see thee—where art thou ?  
Where'er thou art, oh ! may I share,  
Thy changeless love—thy fervent pray'r.

~~~~~

TO MISS C. M. D.

CALM be the days of thy life, free from sadness,
Remov'd far from envy and calumny's wile ;
And oh ! may the beautiful halo of gladness,
On thy future life ever graciously smile.

Love, purest love, and true friendship attend thee ;
Ne'er may despair o'er thy spirit prevail ;
Innocence, prudence, and wisdom defend thee,
Even should friendship and love ever fail.

May cheerfulness, health and contentment surround thee ;
Thro' life may soft, prosperous breezes e'er blow,
And ever may peace, smiling peace. reign around thee,
Illumine thy path, and disperse every woe.

Let truth be thy aim, and may Angels watch o'er thee,
And guard thee from harm in the hush'd hours of rest.

Depart ne'er from virtue, a sure guide before thee—
 Depart ne'er from virtue, and thou shalt be blest.

Unharm'd by thy enemies, may Heav'n take thee
 In keeping—the malice defeat of thy foes ;
 So live, that the pow'r from above ne'er forsake thee,
 Nor friendless and lone to the cold world expose

Bright Hope and true Faith, like the mild breath of morning,
 Refuse ne'er with rapture, thy bosom to swell,
 United with Charity, meekly adorning,
 Yes, every bright virtue on earth—Fare-thee-well.

TO MY COUSIN MARY.

I.

Muse, wake the lyre, and naught dissemble,
 Celestial music 'round thee tremble ;
 Melodiously, and sweetly sing,
 Thy softest tones low-murmuring,
 One pure and artless pray'r to breathe,
 One little garland bright to wreath.
 May Angels o'er thy steps be wary,
 To guide, protect, and bless thee, Mary.

II.

Be thy mind pure, void of offence,
 And guileless as holy innocence—
 Thy manners unaffected, free,
 Yet sweetly winning as modesty—
 Pure as the azure of summer skies,
 Or blooming flow'r of Paradise ;

From virtue's path, oh ! never vary,
And thou wilt e'er be happy, Mary.

II.

And Mary may'st thou never be
Expos'd to chill adversity,
Nor wily art of guileful foe,
Nor blighted hope, nor care, nor woe,—
Nor aught thy trusting heart deceive,
Nor aught occur to make thee grieve.
May Angels o'er thy steps be wary,
And holy watch keep 'round thee, Mary.

IV.

Undimm'd thro' life, may hope's bright star
Shine forth a glorious harbinger—
In cloudless skies forever set,
Gilding from far thy coronet ;
And then at death thy crown shall be
Exchang'd, for one of victory ;
May Angels o'er thy steps be wary
And take thee home to Heaven, Mary.

~~~~~

TO CAROLINE.

## I.

Smiling Hope, shine bright before thee,  
Angels spread their bright wings o'er thee,  
Prosperity on thee attend,  
And never may'st thou want a friend ;  
May pure Religion light the way  
Above, to everlasting day ;

Where sin and grief can ne'er combine  
To mar the peace of Caroline.

## II.

Should sickness cause thy strength to fail,  
The rose upon thy cheek turn pale ;  
Should fell disease, with all its train  
Of ills, attack with racking pain :  
May friends, kind friends and true, be near thee,  
To soothe with friendship's balm, and cheer thee ;  
May friends, dear friends, and lov'd ones join  
To smooth the pillow of Caroline.

## III.

Though blighted hope, and pain and woe,  
Be mine in this cold world below ;  
Tho' misery's keenest, deadliest dart  
Should rankle deeply in my heart ;  
Tho' every joy depart from me,  
And dark should low'r my destiny—  
Yet, grant kind Heav'n, this pray'r of mine,  
"Remember with kindness Caroline."

## IV.

Oh ! could'st thou always happy be,  
As happy as I now wish thee—  
As free from care, as free from pain,  
As free from every sinful stain—  
As free from all the ills of life,  
From sickness, poverty and strife :—  
That blooming rose would never pine  
Upon the cheek of Caroline.

## V.

When death, a pale cold corse hath made thee,  
 And friends have in the damp grave laid thee,  
 Oh ! may thy spirit cloth'd in light,  
 With life and glory, dazzling bright,  
 Find peace and pure Angelic love  
 Among the shining bands above—  
 Where thou shalt ever, ever shine,  
 A pure bright Seraph, Caroline.

~~~~~

TO MARGARET.

I.

PEACE, Health, and Competence unite
 To shed around thee pure delight ;
 May op'ning truths thy garland be,
 All bath'd in founts of purity ;
 And ever green, and ever bright,
 And ever glorious in the light
 Of virtue, may that garland shine,
 Unfading, spotless and divine ;
 Then vice, nor murmuring regret,
 Can wound the heart of Margaret.

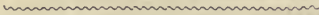
II.

Should sickness pale of health bereave thee ;
 Should this cold, friendless world deceive thee ;
 Should dearest joys from thee be parted,
 And leave thee all but broken-hearted ;
 Should no kind, friendly voice be near thee,
 To comfort thy sad heart and cheer thee :

Then, Lady, then, could I but save thee,
 Ere vice or misery enslave thee—
 No tears, save those of joy, should wet
 The blooming cheek of Margaret.

III.

And when at last pale death shall come,
 And bear thee to his cold, damp home,
 May Angels with thy spirit rise,
 Far, far up in the pure blue skies ;
 Far, far from earth's vain, petty jars—
 Far, far beyond the burning stars,
 Where all are happy, all are blest,
 And where the "weary are at rest ;"
 Where sin, nor care, nor grief can fret
 The spirit pure of Margaret.



TO CHARLOTTE.

How fair are young flow'rs, and how beautiful, seen
 In the soft balmy spring-time, in purple and green,
 Gold-color'd, deep crimson, and scarlet.
 The fairest of flow'rs, may the rose of health bloom,
 The lily of innocence shed its perfume,
 Springing up in the pathway of Charlotte.

TO THE ABSENT.*

I.

'Tis a midsummer Sabbath—a bright day of rest,
 I am lonely and sad in the far-away West ;
 No friend of my childhood—no lov'd one is nigh ;
 Before me the dark, deep Missouri sweeps by ;
 My home is afar, where my Mother and Boy
 Are waiting to meet me, and welcome with joy.
 But the dearest of all will be absent—Oh ! when
 Shall we meet 'round the hearth in our cottage again ?

II.

My heart is with loneliness deeply oppress'd,
 Let us love one another and hope for the best.
 I think of the absent—in fancy I see
 Each form and each face—are they thinking of me ?
 Earth cannot a holier rapture impart,
 Than the meeting with long absent friends of our heart ;
 Now all are by distance divided—Oh ! when
 Shall we meet 'round the hearth in our cottage again ?

 THE LITTLE MESSENGER.

FROM dewy morn to silent eve,
 We think and talk of her,
 And now we are resolv'd to send
 This little Messenger.

Go to the absent lov'd one—say,
 Low-whispering in her ear,

*Written at Jefferson City, Mo., Sunday, July 21st, 1844.

How happy we should be again,
If she were only here.

Tell her we are "so lonesome" now,
And daily miss her so,
Though all too late, we ask ourselves,
How could we let her go ?

Say how we miss her at the board,
In her accustom'd place ;
And how we miss around the hearth,
Her sweet familiar face.

Tell her if she is only blest
That we will not complain,
But every hour will seem an age,
Until we meet again.

And say we wish her health and joy,
And don't forget to tell,
That with her distant, western home,
Tho' lonely, "all is well."



THE RECALL.

RETURN to us dearest, for long seems the day,
And lonely the fire-side when thou art away ;
In our circle at evening we look 'round in vain,
For the link that once brighten'd the whole happy chain.

Return to us dearest, one heart warm and free,
In the far West is beating for thee, only thee ;
That heart, though it may in deep loneliness pine,
Can ne'er be another's—'tis thine, only thine.

Return to us dearest, we have a home still,
 But thy place, my Louisa, no other can fill ;
 And no music our gladness of heart can restore,
 But thy own gentle voice in our cottage once more.

Return to us dearest, no longer to roam
 From the little band waiting to welcome thee home ;
 We are pining for thee in the far-away West,
 But link'd with our lov'd one again shall be blest.

MY WIFE—MY BOY—AND ME.

MY WIFE when at our cottage-door,
 With joy I welcome thee ;
 One mutual kiss shall link again
 My wife—my boy—and me.

MY BOY has said his evening pray'r,
 How happy he would be,
 Once more united with the band,
 My wife—my boy—and me.

ME—earth no happiness can give
 Like that I hope to see,
 When next we meet around the hearth,
 My wife—my boy—and me.

LINES,

Written while my Wife and Child were sick at Sulphur Springs, five miles from
St. Louis, Mo., November 1840.

May gentle breezes from the woodlands wild,
Restore to health my Wife and only Child.
Thou who did'st raise the dead and walk the sea,
Though all unworthy still remember me ;

And save Oh! save the lov'd ones of my heart ;
Speak but the word, and Oh ! we shall not part.
Send health, and joy, and peace, and all restore,
To meet around the cheerful hearth once more.

 MORNING SALUTATION TO MY FAMILY.

CHRISTMAS, 1844.

“MERRY CHRISTMAS” to my Mother !
May no Christmas day be other
Than a day (to her) of gladness,
Unalloy'd by care and sadness.

“Merry Christmas” to my Wife !
Long and happy be her life,
Govern'd by the sisters three,
Faith, and Hope, and Charity.

“Merry Christmas” to my Boy !
May his life be one of joy,
And his merit make him rise,
To be useful, good and wise.

LINES,

Accompanying a New Year's Gift to my Wife.

"Happy New Year!" "Happy New Year!"
 May our little band be found
 Link'd as happily together
 When another year rolls 'round.

Ours has been a blissful union—
 Happiness has crown'd each day;
 Like the Past, so may the Future
 Glide as pleasantly away.

Blessings have been ours unnumber'd—
 May one pure and heart-felt pray'r
 Rise like incense to the Giver,
 For his kind protecting care.

Though our little band unbroken,
 Cannot long on earth remain,
 May we all be re-united
 In one bright eternal chain.

ON THE DEATH OF MISS MARGARET SMITH,

A Scholar of the Author's, who died at the house of her brother-in-law, Dr. C. BOUGHTON, in Middletown, Saratoga county, N. Y., March 23d, 1831, aged nineteen years.

Early, bright, transient, chaste as morning dew,
 She sparkled, was exhal'd and went to Heav'n.

How blessings brighten as they take their flight.—YOUNG.

AND is she dead, the fair-hair'd Margaret,—
 And is the damp, damp grave her dwelling now—
 Who mov'd among us late, the lov'd of all;

She of the mild blue eye, upon whose cheek
The full-blown rose of nineteen summers bloom'd !
But yesterday I saw her walking forth
In all the gaiety of joyous youth,
And blooming health, gladd'ning the hearts of all.
Her friends, (and she had many,) little thought
That even then the woe-fraught dart of death
Was on its way, and soon would pierce her heart.
They little thought, who lov'd her so, how soon
They would surround her death-bed—little thought
How soon they'd dig her grave.—Perchance she dream'd
E'en then of future bliss—of smiling spring,
And summer bright—of groves and silver streams—
Of sunny meadows strew'd with lilies fair,
Where she would walk with lov'd ones plucking flow'rs ;
Perchance anticipation brought to mind,
Her parent's heart-felt welcome, when return'd
To her bright, happy home. Oh ! I can see
Her now in fancy, as she oft was wont
To stand before her Father,—I can see
Her small white fingers braiding his thin locks ;
And now she speaks : I hear her soft sweet voice,
Like music low—and now she smiles—and now
She playfully looks up into his face,
Where tenderness and love parental beams !
She's gone :—just now her busy fingers twin'd
Her Father's yellow locks—'twas but a dream,
For she is dead ! those small white fingers now
Are cold and stiff in death !—he never more
Upon his brow will feel that soft warm hand ;
Another now will braid his scatter'd locks ;
Another now at morn and eve will call
To share the ready meal ; her parents now

No more will hear her soft voice echoing
From room to room, or ever more pronounce
Father or Mother ! and the winter eve,
The long, long winter eve, will doubly long
To them appear, without their Margaret.
Oft in their slumbers they will dream of her ;
All bright and smiling, she will seem to move,
Her features all distinctly natural ;
Her very voice will seem as it did once,
Sweet music to their ears—with outstretch'd arms
To meet their child's embrace they'll wake—and oh !
Bitter will be their waking.
Oh, Heav'nly Father ! heal and comfort them !
Be Thou their friend in this calamity ;
May it cause them to love Thee still the more ;
Enable them with deep humility
And holy resignation to bow down
And say, " Thy will be done."
And oh ! her sister, and that one who was
To her a second sister !* will not they,
When visiting the scenes where they have stray'd
In early childhood, miss their Margaret ?
Will not those scenes seem desolate and sad
Without her company—her who was wont
To walk with them in groves and flowery fields,
Close by their side, discoursing pleasantly ?
Oh, Heav'nly Father ! pour the healing balm
Of consolation in their wounded hearts,
And may their thanks arise in humble pray'r,
For thy kind providence in sparing them.
Art thou in health, gay, thoughtless, blooming youth ?
Hast thou a home, kind friends, and happiness ?

*Her friend and companion, an amiable young lady of the same age, with whom she attended school, and who also boarded at Dr. Boughton's.

Her path before her seem'd as bright as thine ;
 For all that health, or friends, or wealth could give
 Were hers—and where is she ? low in the grave !
 Art thou in health, gay, thoughtless, blooming youth ?
 Anticipating a long life of bliss ;
 Reflect on death—it ne'er has laid one low,
 Whose prospects of long life and happiness
 Than hers seem'd fairer—be thou then prepar'd.
 Art thou in health, gay, thoughtless, blooming youth ?
 Where the roof rings with revelry and song ?
 Or in the dance, or at the joyous feast ?
 Or, better far, 'round the domestic hearth ?
 Think of the gloom that reigns where Margaret sleeps.



ON THE SAME.

—
 “ A father's fondness, nor a mother's care,
 A sister's love, nor friendship's hallow'd tear,”
 Nor blooming youth, nor human skill could save,
 The lov'd of many, from an early grave.*

I.

WHEN first they† heard of Margaret's death,
 In very awe they held their breath ;
 Awe-struck they seem'd when it was told
 How she was dead, and pale, and cold ;
 At length was heard in whispers low,
 “ It cannot be—it is not so—
 She is not dead—we'll see her yet
 In blooming health—poor Margaret !

*The Epitaph on her tomb.

†Those with whom she attended school.

II.

She was so kind and good to all,
So friendly to the children small,
It griev'd their hearts to think, no more
They'd meet her smiling at the door,
Where pleasantly she all did greet,
As all with joy her name repeat—
But yesterday with them she met,
In blooming health—poor Margaret !

III.

With her no more will they rejoice,
No more will hear her soft sweet voice,
No more will see her smiling face
Amongst them—in her wonted place
At school, her books lie scatter'd 'round,
And she lies in the cold, cold ground—
But yesterday with them she met
In blooming health—poor Margaret !

IV.

She had not died—she had not died—
She still had been her parents' pride,
If tears, or pray'rs of friends could save,
Or human skill snatch from the grave ;
But tears, nor pray'rs of friends, nor skill
Could save—yield then to Heaven's will,
And weep no more—nor more regret,
For now she's happy—Margaret !

ON THE SAME.

I.

SING, heavenly Muse, in plaintive numbers,
Of one who in the cold grave slumbers,
Touch not the lyre too full and free,
But wake it soft—melodiously.
Rare music floats in upper skies,
'Round ever-blooming paradise,
And list'ning there, by Angels met
Around God's throne, shines Margaret.

II.

Thy mind from baneful passions free,
Seem'd pure as the pray'r of Charity ;
Thy course was bright as a dazzling star,
Yet brief as a passing meteor ;
Thou had'st no foes, for all did love thee ;
Rest, with the cold earth heap'd above thee—
Rest, the willow is o'er thee weeping—
Rest, not earth shall disturb thy sleeping.

III.

None thought, who saw thy cheek so fair,
So soon the worm would banquet there.
They thought the grave was too cold and wet,
For the lovely form of Margaret.
Now gathering damps thro' the coffin's mould,
Is trickling around thy temples cold,
And above thee the wither'd grass does wave,
As the midnight winds howl o'er thy grave.

IV.

And never, oh ! never have hopes more bright,
Been darken'd by Death's cold withering blight,

So lov'd, so young, in youthful bloom,
 To go down to the darksome and silent tomb !
 Oh ! 'tis a sad and awful thought,
 With warning, deep warning, and wisdom fraught ;
 May we meet her in bliss, where her spirit reposes,
 Above, in a bow'r of perennial roses.

LINES,

On the death of a child two years old, son of Mr. Nicholas Lighthall, who was drowned in the canal, one mile north of Waterford, Saratoga county, N. Y. October 22d, 1828.

Ere sin could blight, or sorrow fade,
 Death came with friendly care,
 The op'ning bud to Heav'n convey'd,
 And bade it blossom there.—COLERIDGE.

THOU wert alone, sweet lov'd one, none was near,
 With outstretch'd arm to save thee—no one saw
 Thy little struggles, as the water deep,
 Clos'd o'er thee—no one knew until too late,
 To save thy precious life, the sad disaster !
 No, not until thy spirit pure had flown
 Far from this cold unfeeling world of woe,
 To realms of bliss on high.
 Oh ! for the parents' ears, what dreadful news ;
 And then, the hope protracted, that his life
 Might be restor'd—how painful ! oh, the pang,
 The heart-felt agony that rent their hearts !
 He was a lovely child, and was belov'd
 By all who knew him. He bid fair to be
 A blessing and an ornament on earth ;
 But Angels call'd him—never more will they

Behold his artless smiles—will never more
 Enfold him in their arms, or hush to sleep
 With kind parental fondness—never more,
 On the once soft, warm cheek, imprint the kiss
 Of fond affection—never more will hear
 His little voice, which oft was wont to lisp
 The names of his familiars. By the side
 Of the bright-blazing fire, his little chair
 Is vacant left ; yet wherefore mourn his loss,
 Since he has gain'd—has gain'd a place in Heav'n,
 Among the blest, where sorrow cannot come.
 There, he has join'd his brother, gone before,*
 Where now they shine two little cherub saints,
 Rob'd in bright vestments—"for of such is Heav'n."

ON THE DEATH OF MY MOTHER.

I.

THEY tell me thou wert passing fair,
 And sweetly winning, artless, mild,
 Refin'd by virtues bright and rare,
 That vice reprov'd, and woe beguil'd ;
 Shining like some bright being sent
 To be thy sex's ornament.

II.

They tell me pale Consumption came,
 Wasting thy strength by slow decay,
 And through thy delicate-made frame,

*Who was drowned at the same place about two years previous. In 1831 Mr. Lighthall lost another son, who was drowned near the same place. A few years afterwards, a fourth son was drowned near the junction of the Erie and Champlain Canals.

Eating and cankering its way ;
 Spoiling the casket form'd to win,
 But brightening the gem within.

III.

They tell me I was very young,
 A tender infant when she died,
 Attempting scarce with lisping tongue
 To ask my early wants supplied ;
 And all unconscious why they wept,
 Or why so long my Mother slept.

IV.

Yet faint remembrance all but fled,
 Oft shadows forth a quiet place,
 And one reposing on a bed,
 With pale and interesting face ;
 Sweet Mother ! is it thine I see
 Far thro' the mists of memory ?

V.

And often in the hush of night,
 When silvery moonbeams stream around,
 And the lamps of Heav'n are burning bright,
 I hear a voice of sweetest sound ;
 Dear Mother ! is it thine I hear,
 So seraph-like, enchanting, clear ?

VI.

Is it far recollection's gleam
 Of the departed sainted one ?
 Or is it only some bright dream
 From fancy's glittering frost-work spun ?

I love that face whate'er it be,
And that sweet voice of melody.

VII.

No more is seen my Mother's face,
'Round the domestic hearth and board ;
Another long has fill'd the place,
Where once my Mother was ador'd ;
I love—respect her virtuous worth,
But still, she did not give me birth.

VIII.

Thy home is now where Angels are,
While I am left to mourn below,
To struggle on thro' seas of care,
And mists of doubt, and shades of woe ;
Oh ! may my conduct ever be
Such as would be approv'd by thee.

 TO MY FATHER ON THE SAME OCCASION.

I.

REMEMBER me—remember me,
Let no dark change my memory blot,
Tho' separated far from thee,
Forget me not—Forget me not.
Father, let not thy first-born son
To thee be a forgotten one.

II.

Canst thou not hear, like music low,
My Mother's voice in Autumn's gloom ?

Can retrospection's mirror show
To thee her face in mantling bloom,
As at the altar by thy side,
A beautiful young, blushing bride ?

III.

Does she not visit thee in dreams,
And visions of the solemn night,
All bright and glorious as gleams
Around an Angel's face of light ?
Awaking, vanish, leaving thee
To the world's cold reality ?

IV.

Yes, Father, thou wilt think of me :
Wilt think of her who gave me birth ;
Her mild blue eyes will turn on thee
Oft 'mid the varying scenes of earth :
And thou wilt see her in celestial light
And beauty, walking in the dreams of night.

THE LIGHT OF THE TOMB.

When the Past like a desolate ruin appears,
Where some wandering Thought 'mid the wide waste of years
Lonely broods :—While the Future looks dark as a storm ;
I can see in the distance, the bright-shining form
Of the Angel of Hope, sending light through the gloom,
To disperse the cold shadows that darken the Tomb.

ADDRESS TO THE DEITY.

Thou Great First Cause of all things—Infinite—
Mysterious—Incomprehensible.
Father of all—above, and over all ;
In whom all Knowledge—Wisdom—Pow'r are join'd ;
All perfect Goodness—Justice—Love and Truth ;
Omniscient, Omnipresent Lord of Lords—
Sole Ruler—Self-existent Deity—
Without beginning, without end, First—Last—
Oh ! teach me Truth.—Give Wisdom, Light, and Strength
And inclination, to pursue a course
Most pleasing in thy sight,—most for the good
And happiness of man :—unchain'd—unbound
By superstition, prejudice, false creeds,
Doctrines or notions of this selfish world.

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LIGHT

AND

Humorous Pieces



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LIGHT AND HUMOROUS PIECES.

~~~~~

TO THE LADIES OF ST. LOUIS.

---

WRITTEN WHEN I WAS YOUNGER THAN I AM NOW.

---

## I.

I'M a lone single gentleman, seeking a wife  
To smooth the rough edges of this checker'd life ;  
“ Don't all speak at once ”—only one at a time—  
And wait till you see my description in rhyme :—  
Imagine a person of moderate size,  
With a very high forehead, and dark hazel eyes,  
And black curling whiskers, and aquiline nose,  
Which is sure to be foremost wherever he goes.  
He attends not “ the Races ”—he swears not nor games,  
And is “ pretty good looking ”—“ I mention no names.”

\* \* \* \* \*

I have “ sow'd my wild oats ” and am just in my prime,  
I shall be twenty-seven next strawberry time.  
Of my learning and wit I will not speak explicit,  
But flatter myself I have “ quantum sufficit.”  
Though my courage I often have screw'd pretty high,  
It will never stay screw'd when a lady is nigh.  
This “ popping the question ” does not seem to me  
“ Just the thing ” it has often been “ crack'd up to be.”  
I do not like parties, and go not to balls,  
But am happy to wait on a friend when he calls.  
I hate affectation and vain haughty pomp—

A libertine, dandy, a flirt, and a romp.  
I use no tobacco, and also agree  
To drink nothing stronger than coffee or tea.  
I would also, just hint to the girl I would woo,  
That I have a competence ample for two.  
Should I have an addition—an increase—of store,  
(Which might happen you know) it would answer for more.  
I own a small farm and a snug little cot,  
“And further than this the deponent saith not.”

## II.

And now for the girl I would wed :—she must be  
Not under eighteen, nor exceed twenty-three.  
She must have an engaging and delicate tact  
To please—and her actions be “right and exact :—  
Have learning and wit just sufficient to be  
Entertaining when mixing in good company.  
She must know how to kiss, and must know how to smile ;  
To sooth in affliction, and care to beguile ;  
For to me there is not a more exquisite bliss  
Than a fervent, affectionate, sweet-thrilling kiss !  
Then, if fortune should frown, I will think all the while,  
At home, I have left me, a kiss and a smile.  
Her form must be good, and of medium size,  
And the color be blue of her love-beaming eyes.  
Her step must be graceful, elastic and free,  
And her voice soft and low, like some sweet melody.  
Be artless as innocence, winning and bland,  
And we'll walk on together thro' life hand in hand.  
I don't want a dasher—the belle of the city—  
But one interesting, affectionate, pretty.  
I will have none that waltzes, or paints, or coquettes,  
Or uses a bustle, or wears pantalettes.

With extra accomplishments I can dispense,  
 If she only has virtue and plain common sense.  
 She must know how to cook well, and know how to mend,  
 Economize, manage and superintend—  
 A secret to keep, or a truth to unfold,  
 And not be a snuff-taker, tattler or scold.  
 She must know how to sing to the —— no matter who,  
 If she cannot, "I reckon" my singing will do.  
 And her name must be Helen, Louisa, or Jane,  
 But if Charlotte or Eveline, will not complain.  
 I will close with a wish, and believe me sincere—  
 To the St. Louis girls a propitious Leap Year.

### III.

Perhaps in two cantos enough has been said,  
 But the Muse is on tip-toe for "going ahead,"—  
 And her fanciful flights being hard to restrain,  
 Will excuse me, I hope, for appearing again.  
 But this is the last, on a bachelor's word,  
 I will "close my engagement" with canto the third.  
 "The way" I have had the "heart-bumping" of late,  
 "Is a caution" to all in a lone single state,—  
 My heart will go "pit-a-pat" even to view  
 A pretty straw bonnet or neat satin shoe ;  
 To hear of a wedding would give me delight—  
 But the thought always makes me so lonely at night :  
 And then all my dreams are of love-darting eyes,  
 And run-away matches, and kisses, and sighs,  
 And little sly Cupids are winging their darts,  
 Love-tipp'd, at a couple of fluttering hearts,  
 And a lovely young creature, adorn'd as a bride,  
 With her hand lock'd in mine, seems to sit at my side—  
 And the thrill from her jewell'd and delicate fingers  
 Awakes me to sadness, and tremblingly lingers.

Again, if I sleep, in bright visions I see  
Two languishing eyes ever turning on me,  
And cheeks where the blushes are playing with smiles,  
Like shadows and light over beautiful isles :  
And a voice softly murmurs, " we never will part,"  
When the breakfast bell rings—I awake with a start,  
In lone single wretchedness—chilling despair—  
Oh ! where has the bride gone, " and echo says, where."  
If a heart-felt, enrapturing pleasure it seems,  
To be married in fancy, or married in dreams,  
Oh, what must the pleasing reality be !  
And Hope sweetly whispers, " you shortly will see."  
Some marry for wealth, and some marry for fame,  
And some to vex others, and some out of shame—  
Some marry because it will consequence bring,  
And some just for fun, or the name of the thing--  
And some to please parents, will marry, and smile  
Though their heart for another is breaking the while.  
Some think that all matches are order'd above ;  
And some think it vulgar to marry for love,  
And some over-righteous, with intellects small,  
Consider it vulgar to marry at all.  
But oh ! may it prove to be my happy lot  
To marry for love, whether vulgar or not.  
And when I propose, should I meet with success,  
And hear softly murmur'd the sweet willing yes,  
My heart swift the impulse of love will obey,  
And leap to meet her heart, at least half the way.  
If I do not succeed, I will hate the whole sex,  
And believe they were made to torment us and vex,  
And not worth the having—and it shall be known,  
I mean to live single and let them alone.  
I wait the result of these cantos to see,  
While " nil desperandum " my motto shall be.

## THE PEDAGOGUE'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

'Tis now the first of winter,  
And the leafless forest trees  
Are bending low with icicles,  
And crackling in the breeze.

Hoar winter has put on his robes,  
And even now 'tis snowing ;  
And fiercely over Lynnbergh hills  
The cold north wind is blowing.

Since early morn my weak'ning frame  
Has no refreshment found,  
Although the gloomy shades of night  
Begin to darken 'round.

So Pedagogues and Poets fare—  
Especially on Saturday ;  
Dire chaos reigns supreme throughout  
That slopping, mopping clatter-day.

I'm stunn'd with noise from strong-lung'd boys ;  
Hard by grins clownish John ;  
Three ribs are roasting in the stove  
I rest my foot upon.

Nor aught besides save buckwheat cakes,  
No savory tarts nor pies,  
But three lean ribs, with buckwheat cakes,  
For 'leven must suffice.

(But ere another year rolls 'round,  
I hope I may possess  
A different sort o' rib from these,  
And straighter too, "I guess.")

The children quarrel for a piece,  
Or snatch from one another ;  
The oldest of two ugly boys  
Just now has floor'd his brother.

Grasping each other's hair, they grin,  
'Mid pots and kettles sprawling,  
Nor words, nor blows, nor aught can stop  
Their loud, long-winded bawling.

And waters seem to flow around,  
As from some hidden spring,  
My refuge by the patent stove  
Completely islanding.

As fast as Betty bakes the cakes  
They're snatch'd from out the pan,  
By Tim, and Zeke, and ugly Kate,  
And hateful Julia Ann.

A buckwheat cake, big, black and tough,  
I solemnly affirm,  
Was stretch'd between two greedy boys,  
As chickens stretch a worm.

If thus the Yankee Pedagogues  
Are treated on this day,  
I wonder why so many chaps  
From Taunton come away.

Our "Land down East," for good things rare,  
All other lands surpasses,  
For all the smaller streams are good  
New England Rum, or 'lasses.



All things grow ready made for use  
In that productive clime,  
Oak leaf cigars, and wooden clocks,  
That keep the best of time.

There, bass-wood pumpkin-seeds, and hams  
Of good white oak abound,  
And wooden nutmegs scent the air,  
And pumpkins smile around.

There, essences come down in show'rs—  
There, hail is sugar candy,  
And every bird can sing the tune  
Of "Yankee Doodle Dandy."

I have been told in times of old  
The witches there were plenty ;  
I've heard my good old "Granny" say,  
That she had known full twenty.

They'd throw into some pond-hole deep  
A half a score of wretches—  
If drown'd they were deem'd innocent !  
If not, were hung as witches.


A man must neither kiss his wife,  
Or wipe his nose on Sunday ;  
And if the beer work'd on that day,  
The keg was whipp'd on Monday.

My prospects here of future joy  
And happiness are small,  
I'll bid farewell this very night  
To gloomy Sylvan Hall.\*

---

\*The school house, situated in a wood.

I'll not delay another hour,  
 But after changing dress,  
 Will tow'rds the "Bay State" wend my way,  
 And ne'er come back "I guess."

 The above poem was written on the first day of December, 1832, in the midst of the scenes it describes.

~~~~~

OLD BACHELORS.

OLD Bachelors, I am resolv'd
 To show you off in rhyme,
 And make some use of you for once,
 To pass away the time.

Perhaps you'll criticise these lines,
 I care not if you do ;
 For though extemporaneous,
 They're good enough for you.

Old Bachelors are selfish things,
 Their joys are selfish joys,
 They move, and eat, and drink, and sleep,
 And sometimes make a noise.

This any quadruped can do,
 And still more useful be,
 Than some Old Bachelors I know
 In this community.

Start not—nor say that this means me,
 I do not mean to tell

A single name, though it should fit
Particularly well.

Old Bachelors ! The very name
Creates a sudden chill,
An atmosphere of loneliness,
A void they ought to fill.

Custom forbids the fairer sex,
Their love to first disclose,
Remember this ye Bachelors,
And hasten to propose.

Nor longer let your future fate,
Remain a thing to guess,
While maids are waiting to be ask'd,
And willing to say yes.

Resolve to pop the question, ere
Another year rolls past,
But don't "resolve and re-resolve,
Then die the same at last."

Urge no excuse, make no delay,
Nor give the trial o'er,
'Till you can say at last, I am
A Bachelor no more.

WOOD TICKS.

SOME poets sing of forest-walks,
With (seeming) vast delight ;
They never felt a wood tick crawl,
Or suffer'd from their bite.

I like an amiable fly—
A flea chase is exciting—
But ticks imbedded in the skin
Are always biting—biting.

I'm good in a musketo fight—
Bed-bugs of any size
I can contend with—but these ticks—
These wood-ticks I despise.

“Once on a time” there was a man—
An odd poetic wight—
Who oft had told his better half
That wood-ticks wouldn't bite.

Some folks, he said, were easy scar'd,
'Twas all a silly whim ;
Ticks ne'er annoy'd a man of sense—
They never troubled him.

One day from out a shady grove
He rush'd—but what a fix !
His head was full of poetry,
His skin was full of ticks.

He rag'd, he scratch'd, he smok'd himself,
He wash'd in “Number Six,”
And long and doubtful was the war
He wag'd against the ticks.

He now “acknowledges the corn,”
Is willing to admit,
That ticks are troublesome at times,
To men of sense and wit.

I'd like to ramble in the woods
 In the merry time of spring,
 But ticks mar all the pleasure,
 And the romance of the thing.

Let others sing the praise of woods
 In the "leafy month of June,"
 Amid Missouri's forest-wilds
 They'd sing another tune.

THE ILLS OF LIFE.

'THE ills of life annoying us
 Along the stream of Time,
 Relate my "Rough and Ready" Muse,
 In "Rough and Ready" rhyme.

Dyspepsia, horrid fiend—I name
 First on the list of ills,
 Oh! vanish with thy torturing train,
 Heach-aches—and cramps—and pills.

The madd'ning tooth-ache tries me sore,
 I groan, and fret, and storm,
 Thanks to the first discoverer
 Of soothing Chloroform.

Rheumatic pains to drive away,
 I various pow'rs combine,
 Salt, vinegar, and "number-six,"
 Camphor and turpentine.

Musquitos, wood-ticks, "blue tail'd flies,"
In summer-time I fear ;
While roaches, long-tail'd rats and mice,
Board with us all the year.

Tight boots with corns, are not the least
Of life's tormenting ills,
And no man patiently can stand
A shake from ague chills.

Matching old stove-pipe—moving stoves—
And shaking carpets too,
Are what I cordially hate,
And always dread to do.

No man of sense was ever known
To match a stove-pipe yet,
And move and fit a stove, without
Temptation strong to fret.

From idle bores who roam around,
To see what they can see
To hear the news, or tell the news,
"Ye Gods" deliver me.

I lose much valuable time,
By idlers every day,
'This is a serious loss to me,
They never can repay.

They have no taste for study—still
Accomplish double ends,
For in their daily rounds, they wear
Away both time and friends.

They drop in, during business hours,
 With care when most perplex'd,
 From all such bores deliver me,
 In this world and the next.

There ! I have said enough for once,
 Perhaps some other time,
 My Muse will tell of other ills
 In "Rough and Ready" rhyme.

PETITION TO THE "CLERK OF THE WEATHER."

LET others sing of chivalry,
 Of romance, war and blood,
 Of beauty, wit, or sentiment—
 I'll sing Missouri mud.

Though *deep* the subject, it is far
 From being very *clear* ;
 'Tis also hard to find the end,
 Or bottom far or near.

The bottom must have fallen out,
 For from reports around,
 It seems that for the last ten days
 No bottom has been found.

Around me is a sea of mud,
 A dismal, endless view—
 The fattest kind is where I live,
 On "Franklin Avenue."

We have of every form and kind,
 Of mud, and mire, and slop,
 From deep and quivering, fat and thick,
 To very thin mud pop.

I plac'd some stepping stones, to make
 A passage to my dwelling,
 But long ago their whereabouts,
 Has pass'd from sight and telling.

Perhaps they sunk to China, where
 Some Mandarin to-day
 Exhibits them as specimens
 From North America.

It has been mist and drizzling rain,
 (Sometimes the rain would pour,)
 And damp and chill, with clouds and gloom,
 For three long weeks or more.

The citizens for squares around,
 Solicit now together,
 Respectfully, the "Weather Clerk,"
 For warm "sunshiny" weather.

SUNDAY NIGHT.

COME close the shutters—stir the fire—
 Around the cheerful light
 Of home we'll gather, and discourse
 Of distant friends to-night.

We have no tabby cat to purr,
 No little dog to bark,
 But on the hearth the cricket chirps
 Right merrily—just hark !

Except the ticking of the clock,
 I hear no other sound,
 The quiet of a Sabbath night
 Reigns undisturb'd around.

To my imagination oft
 "Mechanicville" appears,
 With all the old familiar scenes,
 And forms of other years.

My village-home of "auld lang syne,"
 The steps in front—the hall—
 The stairway, and the front room—and
 The portraits on the wall.

'Tis all a dream—far, far away
 From early friends I write,
 I'll waft them from the circle here,
 A warm and fond Good Night.



MY PANTALOONS OF GREY.

Addressed to EDMUND HUBBELL, Esq., on receiving from him a present of grey domestic cloth, (for a pair of pantaloons,) made at his woollen manufactory, in Ballston, N. Y. Written in 1844.

THE pants are made, I have them on—
 They fit me every way ;
 I take a pride in wearing them—
 My pantaloons of grey.

George "cut them out," and they were made
At home the other day,
They're just the kind I like to wear
My pantaloons of grey.

Friend Hubbell, how shall I express
My thanks—or how repay,
For sending me the cloth to make
My pantaloons of grey ?

I'll think of you with gratitude,
Wherever I may stray ;
Especially when I have on
My pantaloons of grey.

Should they by daily "wear and tear,"
A hole or rent display,
They shall be patch'd and mended well—
My pantaloons of grey.

Our "women folks" at home are not
Asham'd to work—and they
Know how to make or mend a pair
Of pantaloons of grey.

And when they finally "give out,"
I'll save a patch, to say,
This is a piece of my old pants—
My good old pants of grey.

ST. LOUIS.

SING in your own peculiar way,
 My "Rough and Ready" Muse,
 As easy and as careless as
 A slip-shod pair of shoes ;
 And if you get into a fury,
 Just gallop into old Missouri.

* * * * *

Stop at St. Louis—clouds of dust
 Oppress the heated air ;
 'Tis mud or dust the whole year 'round,
 And license every where ;
 For almost all a license pay,
 For driving bargains, or a dray.

The money rais'd by licenses,
 Helps fill the public coffers ;
 'Tis manag'd to exempt but few,
 Save rich men, thieves and loafers.
 The British system of taxation
 Was less oppressive to our nation.

The climate is so changeable,
 'Tis neither cold nor hot ;
 A kind of mix'd betweenity—
 A sort o' sort o' not.
 We often have stirr'd up together,
 In one short day, all sorts o' weather.

The "ager" in the suburbs 'round,
 And near the stagnant waters,
 Has shaken all the toe-nails off
 Of half their sons and daughters ;

The other half we all agree
Are "us'd up" by the diarrhœa.

Ticks, roaches, or musketos leave
In every house their trace,
Which makes St. Louis every way
An interesting place
For observation, to describe
The habits of the insect tribe.

It has facilities beyond
Most other places 'round,
For drinking mud, or traveling
By railroad under ground,
Or suffering penance day by day,
Thro' every sense, in every way.

All those residing in this "Burgh,"
I most sincerely pity ;
A dirty and mud-drinking place,
A license-ridden city.
I'll leave, nor stop 'till I get where
They have good water and pure air.

"PUSH HARD."

I SAW at "Mandlebaum and Block's,"*
Not long ago, a card
Upon the door, on which I read
These simple words—"Push Hard."

*A Banking House in St. Louis in 1850.

Young men, tho' fortunes in the world
Are daily made or marr'd,
Your motto, if you wish success,
Should always be—"Push Hard."

If difficulties should arise
Your progress to retard,
Still persevere, nor once despair,
But every day—"Push Hard."

Be ever cheerful and content,
And always on your guard,
Against the tempting lures of vice,
And when once right—"Push Hard."

Be temperate, industrious,
And just, without regard
To what the world may think or say,
And "go ahead"—"Push Hard."

In pushing through the world your way,
In passes dark and barr'd,
Push always at the proper time,
And then push well and hard.

A VALENTINE.

Written by request, for a young lady, on St. Valentine's Day, 1845.

A Valentine!—a Valentine!
Now don't you wish you knew
Who had the impudence to send
This Valentine to you?

And don't you wish that you could read
 My thoughts as well as this ?
 If you could read them all *aright*,
 You'd only read *a Miss*.

And don't you wish that you could tell
 What I am thinking now ?
 What prompted me to send you this ?
 And every why and how ?

'Tis all a mystery you'll think—
 'Tis partly so to me ;
 Some mysteries may be explain'd,
 And some should never be.

I wish you health and happiness,
 Here let enquiry end—
 It is enough for you to know
 These lines are from—A FRIEND.

HARD TIMES.

Hard times, in their sudden and ruinous fall,
 Have come like an Avalanche sweeping o'er all ;
 To argue the cause of the evil is vain,
 And never can bring back our fortunes again ;
 Let every one take common sense for their guide,
 And dispense with the costly adornments of pride,
 To "keep up appearance," and misery gild
 With the promise of happiness never fulfill'd—
 Expenses proportion'd to income and means,
 Would cause fewer mortgages, auctions, and liens,
 Then waste not a moment in idle regret,
 But every man's motto be, "keep out of debt."

MUSIC.

THERE'S music in the dash of waves
 Along the ocean's shore ;
 And there's music in the cataract,
 And in the tempest's roar.

There's music in the woods and wilds,
 In the pleasant time of spring ;
 And there's music in the voice of love,
 In its first low murmuring.

There's music in a pure warm pray'r,
 That makes the heart rejoice ;
 And there's music 'round the cheerful hearth,
 In a mother's low, sweet voice.

There is music all around us,
 In the murmuring of streams,
 In the gentle voices of our friends,
 And in our golden dreams.

* * * * *

There's music in a scolding wife,
 That keeps her house in awe ;
 And there's music in a grating hinge,
 And the filing of a saw.

There's music in an old tom-cat,
 Preparing for a fight,
 And there's music in a squalling brat
 At any time of night.

There's music in a yelping cur,—
 In a pig with a cork-screw tail ;
 And solemn music in "Jim Crow,"
 And "Sittin' on a Rail."

There's music in old Sambo Gosh,
 When he sings "My Long-Tail'd Blue,"
 And there's music every morning
 In the "People's Organ"* too.

CONTRAST NO. I.

All-grasping England with her servile bands,
 In Asia spreading war and desolation ;
 Pays lavishly to conquer foreign lands,
 Though famine stalks unheeded thro' the nation :
 Tho' from her laborers subdued and pale,
 The cry for bread rings wildly on the gale.

America, with joy I turn to thee,
 No foreign wars, no national commotions,
 The land of plenty and of liberty,
 Improvements, patent rights, and yankee notions ;
 Tho' "financiers" have swindled half the nation,
 We still can "go ahead" of "all creation."

CONTRAST NO. II.

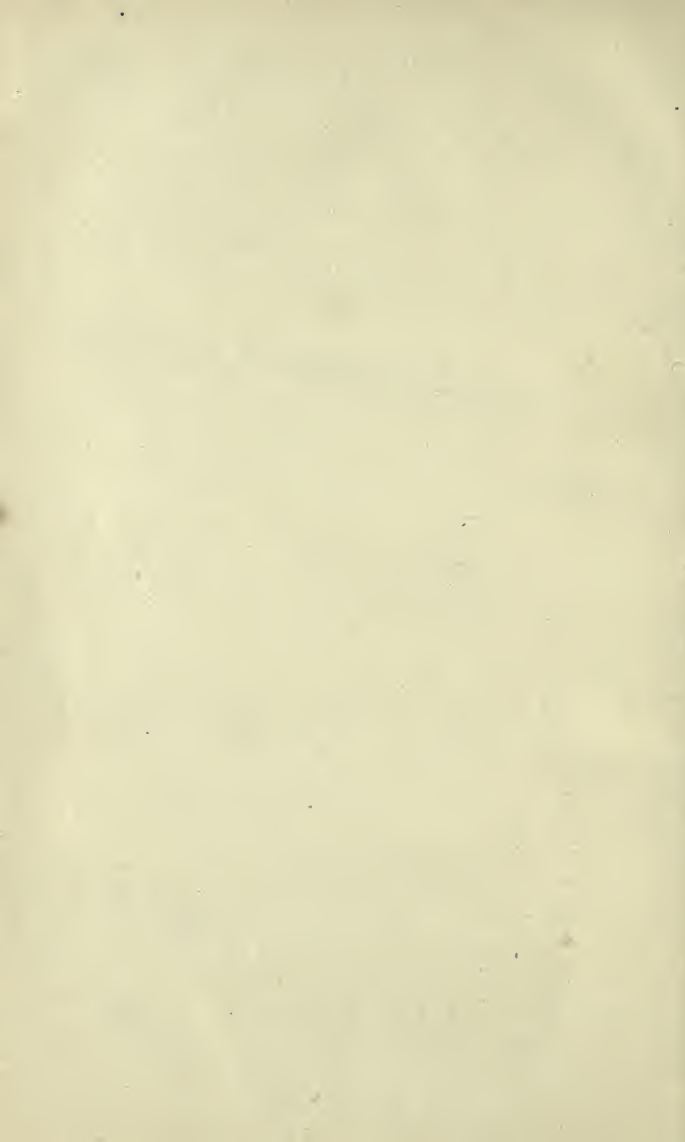
A wholesale robber, call'd in modern phrase
 A "financier," and sometimes a "defaulter,"
 Is well receiv'd, and spoken of with praise,
 Tho' meriting a prison or "the halter ;"

*A penny paper published at St. Louis, Mo.

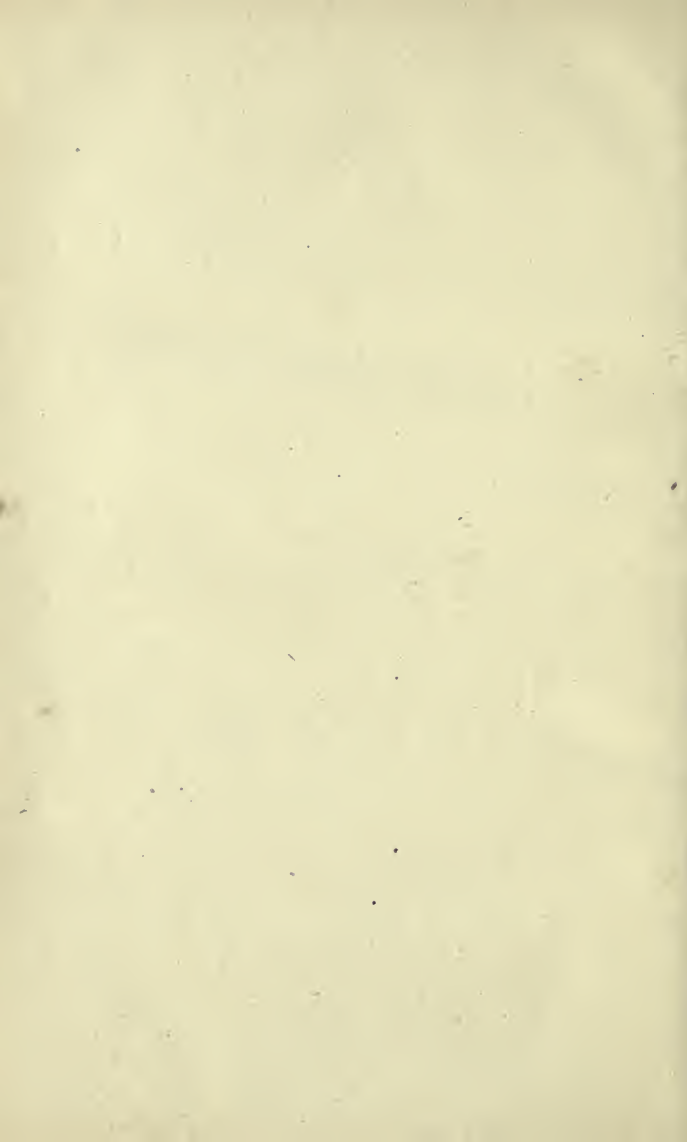
Thro' fashionable life he winds his way,
And soon becomes a lion of the day.

But he who robs upon a smaller scale,
Or caught some trifling necessary stealing,
Is straightway taken up and lodg'd in jail,
Without exciting interest or feeling :
The vulgar knave we punish and despise,
But laud the genteel scoundrel to the skies.

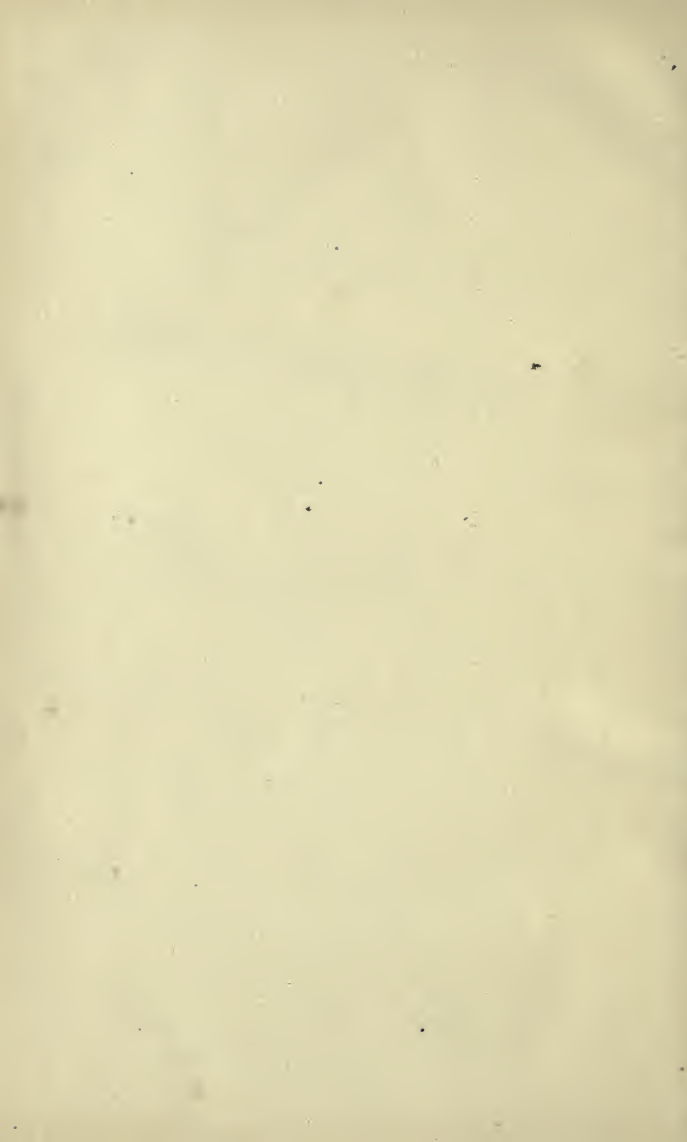


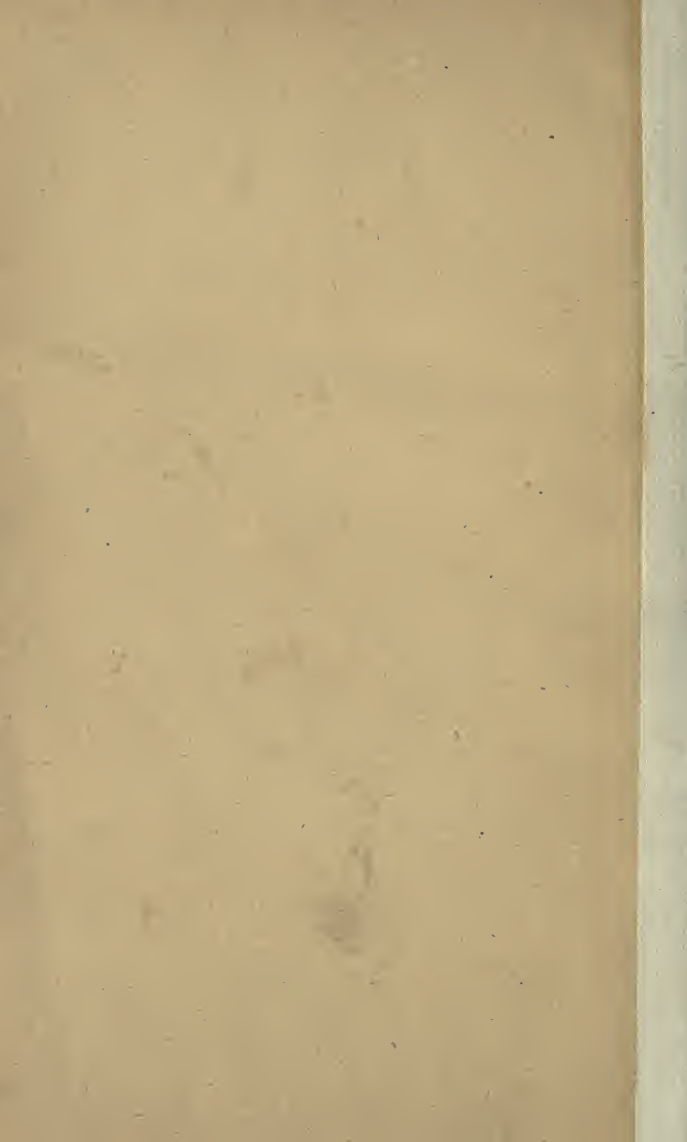












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